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AN ANGLO-FRENCH INITIATIVE?

THE French Government, after a debate in the Assembly which revealed the strength of the opposition to Anglo-American plans for Germany, has received a conditional mandate: it is authorised to accept the findings of the London Conference as a "starting point," on the understanding that it will seek, by negotiations with London and Washington, to secure, in particular, a scheme of control over the Ruhr which more nearly satisfies French conceptions of security. Thus thinly is an open breach between France and her Western associates camouflaged. If Anglo-American projects—for currency reform, an Occupation Statute and a Constituent Assembly—are now to be pushed ahead, they will take shape with France virtually "contracting out."

The failure of the Western Powers to agree a plan for Western Germany is a symptom of a deeper crisis which threatens the existence of Western Union. Ever since the Harvard speech we have been struggling to reconcile two ideas—the attempt with American aid to reconstruct the economy of Western Europe and the attempt to "prevent Russian aggression" by a policy of military containment. The ideas are contradictory for two reasons. In the first place, reconstruction is impossible without the fullest development of trade relations with the Eastern Bloc; yet such trade cannot be permitted if Russia is described as an "aggressor". In the second place, a policy of military containment would involve the acceptance, not only of a divided Germany, but of the re-creation of Western Germany as a military Power. In no other way could Western Europe be anything but a strategic liability to the Chiefs of Staff in Washington.

It is France which has reacted most violently against the unpalatable argument. Faced with the certainty that in a war against the Soviet Union their country would be overrun, and with the possibility that the Anglo-American plan for Western Germany might precipitate such a war, the French are increasingly doubtful whether they should accept either the Six-Power Agreement or any form of Western Union which is linked to it. "A Marshall Plan which leaves the way open to a settlement with Russia and provides French security against Germany? Yes. A military bloc involving the revival of the Ruhr and doomed to defeat in the war which it may well precipitate? Not on your life." It is inevitable that Frenchmen should see things in this light, and Mr. Bevin would be unwise to dismiss their alarm as hysteria.

What is remarkable is that the Russians seem equally unwilling to accept as inevitable the transformation of Eastern and Western Europe into opposing military blocs. They see that their stubbornness has induced an equal and opposite stubbornness in the Americans; and, accepting the logic of the situation, they too have given signs of a desire for a *détente*. The reason for this is clear enough. If Western Union as a military bloc is strategically indefensible and economically unviable, the Eastern Bloc, cut off from Western supplies of capital equipment, cannot easily fulfil its reconstruction Plans—far less win a world war. Faced, therefore, with the decision which would make war—what it has not been up to now—a calculable risk, both sides have drawn back in ill-concealed dismay.

Once again an opportunity for statesmanship is given to France and Britain. No initiative can be expected from America till after the Presidential election, and the Kremlin's peace feelers are clumsy and ambiguous. It is for the two Middle Powers to take the initiative, and the obvious field for that initiative is the German problem. French public opinion demands that one more effort should be made to reach an agreement with the Russians about Germany before the break is made irrevocable. Mr. Bevin should accept this view publicly and concert with Paris an agreed agenda for discussion. We have found during the protracted negotiations on the Six-Power Agreement that, in terms of Western Germany alone, the conflict between French security and German recovery is irreconcilable and sufficient to destroy Western Union. In view of this we should postpone further considerations of the Six-Power Agreement and work out Franco-British proposals for the treatment of Germany as a whole and then jointly put them forward as the basis for Four-Power discussion.

Mere resumption of last year's meeting of the four Foreign Ministers, with an unchanged agenda, would get nowhere. But if Anglo-French agreement can be reached on the main lines of a German settlement, there is a real chance that neither the U.S.A. nor the U.S.S.R. would take the responsibility of opposing it, and so incurring the odium of partitioning Germany—and Europe.

Guaranteeing Western Union

In their hesitations over the Anglo-American plan for Germany, the French have been watching, more realistically perhaps than the British, the attitude of Congress to European security. The passage in the U.S. Senate of the Vandenberg Resolution welcoming regional military pacts of the type of Western Union, has been interpreted in some quarters here as the first step towards a formal alliance between the United States and Western Europe. This seems to underestimate the gap between American Congressional resolutions and American executive action. The only American guarantee at the moment is contained in the troops which are present in Germany. If Russia were to advance militarily, she would have to fire on American G.I.'s and start a world war. The French know this, but they also know that American military thought does not contemplate holding on to any territory north of the Pyrenees. The French demand is, therefore, not that America should promise to fight Russia, but that they should protect France. The process of occupation and eventual liberation is no substitute for protection. But to give this America would have to keep a large number of trained troops in Europe, and reintroduce an effective "draft." The debates in Congress on the proposed conscription law show that there is no chance at present of any law being passed which would speedily provide a U.S. force that could fight a holding battle on land. Indeed, the debates showed that strong pressure towards universal military training might split the Republican party and produce a strong isolationist wing. The activities of this potential re[illegible]l faction, led by

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Taft and Joe Martin, will be the most interesting feature of the Republican Convention next week.

Terms for Marshall Aid

The Taber cuts in Marshall Aid have been rejected almost entirely by the Senate (only one-third of whose members are up for election this November), but in joint committee some concessions to the House's passion for economy seem likely to be made, at the expense of E.R.P.; and it is uncertain, as we write, whether the House can be persuaded to delete their disastrous Clause providing that 10 per cent. of E.R.P. grants must be balanced by gratis shipments of "strategic" raw materials from the recipient countries or their Colonies. At the same time the State Department, easily panicked by a hostile Congress, has drafted a series of bilateral agreements, governing the use of Marshall Aid in each of the recipient countries, which seem designed to please Taber and Molotov equally. In the case of Britain, the draft apparently involves a British undertaking (*a*) to accept American guidance as to the foreign exchange rate at which the pound (devalued, if necessary) can be stabilised against the dollar; (*b*) to reduce Imperial Preferences even more drastically than called for by the (unratified) International Trade Agreement; (*c*) to concede the right of the U.S.A. to control the rationing of currencies within the sterling area; and (*d*) to accept American supervision of budgetary and capital investment policy. The drafts presented to the other recipient countries are understood to have been equally stringent in their terms.

Parliament Must Decide

The shock of receiving copies of this draft document less than a month before the final agreement has to be signed almost broke up the meeting of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation in Paris. Some countries threatened to leave the Organisation and publish their reasons; but the British delegation busily went around explaining that this was only "common American form," and that we had suffered all this before in our negotiations over Lend-lease and the 1945 loan. The official British belief seems to be that in the course of the negotiations between Sir Oliver Franks and the State Department all the clauses giving America virtual power to write our budget, administer our Empire and control our banking system will be modified out of existence, and that the concessions will be extended to all the "Marshall Aid" countries. There will undoubtedly be very large modifications between now and the final signing date of July 3rd, but the real danger is that the agreement will be one filled with mental reservations, meaning one thing in Whitehall, another thing in the State Department and something quite different in Congress. It would be a fatal mistake for Britain to repeat the errors of the Loan agreement and issue promissory notes in the hope they will be filed and forgotten. There is an overwhelming case for a full Parliamentary debate on the final text of the bilateral pact before it is finally accepted.

Nonsense About Burma

The sudden spate of articles describing red stars shooting here and there across Asia include obviously inspired but shockingly ignorant comments on the political situation in Burma. The writers have clearly been influenced by the propaganda of business interests in Burma, which seem intent on destroying our good relations with the Burmese and, by demanding the impossible, losing the compensation that is fairly due to them. The excuse for these irresponsible press articles was a moderate speech made by Thakin Nu, the Burmese President, last Sunday. So far from being a Communist—he was actually compared in one paper to Mr. Gottwald—Thakin Nu is a deeply religious Buddhist who is making the most sincere and resolute efforts to save his country from the danger of civil war before he retires from the Premiership. In recent months he has been compelled to imprison some thousand Communists; in his latest speech he again expressed his determination to put down the totally unjustified Communist rising. At the same time he repeated his efforts to persuade an important section of the Communist Party to join forces with A.F.P.F.L., the Resistance organisation of which he is the head. Burma can only be united by the Left, and Thakin Nu hopes—as he did when he tried to form a united party, called the Marxist League, in January—to unite within it various Marxist groups, including the Socialists and the People's Volunteer Organisation. The P.V.O. was originally formed to fight the British, and its continued existence as a separate organisation, which the Communists have attempted to penetrate, has raised many difficulties for the Government. With the same aim of maintaining Burma's position as an independent Socialist State, Thakin Nu reaffirmed that Burma's situation demands good relations with the United States, Britain and Russia. One of his principal differences with the Communists is that they desire to break relations with the West and to refuse to pay even reasonable compensation for nationalised foreign property. Their propaganda is reinforced by the demands of British firms, which made enormous profits out of Burma in the past, for impossible cash compensations. Mr. Bevin should ask to see the chairmen of the various British companies concerned as well as the Burmese Ambassador. He is unlikely to meet with a rebuff from the present Burmese Government if he suggests that foreign capitalists should be compensated by the issue of Government stock or bonds on terms allowing shareholders to retain interest in their holdings, with the alternative of selling them out for investment in the further development of Burmese industry. Burma needs capital, but on equitable terms as befits a sovereign nation. The Burmah Oil Company is even pressing a fantastic claim for compensation for plant which was blown up during the war, not by the Burmese but by the British Army. If the Foreign Office supports such nonsense, it has only itself to blame if Communism wins, British firms receive no compensation, and Burma looks East rather than West.

Trouble in Malaya

Communism is also held out as the source of all the trouble in Malaya. Mr. Creech Jones would be wise to examine, before assuming that all the world's troubles come from Moscow, the complex story of Colonial Office policy and administration there since the war. We muddled the position of the Sultans, who could have been thrown out for collaborating, or turned into friends by a candid admission on our part that we had failed in our guarantee when the Japanese attacked. We made the curious mistake of attempting to cut off Singapore administratively from the mainland, though we might as well have divided London from Great Britain. In the revised Constitution, the interests of the Chinese who form nearly half the population of the interior of Malaya (as well as the great bulk in Singapore) were neglected; and to-day we have against us not only the Communists, but the great majority of the whole Chinese population. In a laudable desire to introduce trade unionism into Malaya, we forgot that the Chinese have already ancient and elaborately organised secret societies, about which visiting T.U.C. officials are apt to know very little. Having promoted Malayan Trade Unions, we now find that they are apt, like other Trade Unions, to strike for better conditions; when they do so and disorders break out, we shoot them. This is indeed a fertile soil for Chinese Communists, who are shooting Kuomintang leaders, and for bandits, who are shooting British planters. The High Commissioner, Sir Edward Gent, is not to be envied. But he will not succeed if he believes that his task is merely or mainly to deal with Communist agitators.

The Task of the Mediator

Count Bernadotte has already achieved the impossible by persuading both Jews and Arabs to accept his interpretation of the Security Council's truce proposals. But, despite his personal qualifications as a mediator, it would be absurd to believe that he alone can discover the basis for a peace settlement. The Jews have accepted the truce on condition that Israel is recognised, the Arabs on condition that it is not. The conflict which defeated 18 Commissions remains unchanged. It can only be resolved if both Britain and America use their full influence to stimulate moderation on both sides. This is impossible so long as America recognises Israel but not the State of Transjordan, and Britain recognises Transjordan but refuses to recognise Israel. For this means that both Britain and America are implicitly encouraging the extremists. Unfortunately, British policy is deeply committed to anti-Zionism; how deeply, the White Paper on British complicity in Arab armed intervention to be published by the Israel Government will no doubt show. The mere decision to impose an arms embargo for the duration of the truce is not enough to convince the Arab League that they no longer have Mr. Bevin's wholehearted support in their efforts to destroy the Jewish State. Mr. Mayhew argued in the Commons last week that recognition of Israel would be an act of "political intervention." The exact opposite is the truth. For two years we have intervened actively in an effort to prevent the formation of a Jewish State. No one will believe in our impartiality until we recognise Israel and persuade Mr. Truman to recognise Transjordan. When this is done, more decisive peace negotiations than Count Bernadotte's exploratory talks in Rhodes can begin.

Target for British Films

Last year 50 first-feature films were made in Britain. Roughly, enough films are needed to supply one film a week to three circuits in competition with each other—156 in all. On that basis the home film industry in 1947 could meet only one-third of the exhibitors' needs. Now Mr. Wilson has laid down that the quota of British first-feature films that must be shown in the twelve months beginning next October will be 45 per cent, or some 20 more than were made in 1947. Many exhibitors will complain, and a few are already pointing out, that even when the quota was only 20 per cent., there were up to a thousand defaults in a year. Nevertheless, the President's decision is a wise one and will do more for the British film industry than any other Governmental action taken so far. If circuits, small and large, must show British films, instead of the more readily available and often cheaper American product, they will be obliged to mitigate the harsh financial terms customarily offered to British independent producers. Mr. Wilson has kept British cinemas open by the Film Agreement. He has now quite properly demanded from exhibitors, in return for that boon, that they should support the home industry and, indirectly, that they should assist in financing it. There is no doubt that, given a chance, British film production can reach its new target. To make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Wilson must now hasten the arrangements for providing additional finance for independent producers that he promised in the House on April 30. Producers will then be able to get their money from three different sources on favourable terms. First, from exhibitors and distributors. Second, from a Government-sponsored finance company. Third, from unremitted sterling that American companies are obliged to advance to them if they do not wish to lose it altogether. With such resources open to them for the first time, it will be surprising if independent producers do not at last succeed in getting a fair deal from the exhibiting side of the business and in building up an industry that will be in some measure able to compete with Hollywood in the world markets when the Film Agreement expires.

PARLIAMENT: Writing on the Walls

Wednesday

THE Report Stage of a Bill is an occasion for bitter farewells. Pounded into defeat by the Government's heavy majority, the Opposition shoots off its remaining ammunition at the Front Bench with Parliamentary curses, like Salter's *Morituri morituros saluto*. Both the Gas and the Representation of the People Reports gave the Tories the chance to make a demonstrative stand, while they wrote their last messages on the walls.

Brendan Bracken, who led the Tories through the Gas Bill, deserves well of the private gas undertakers. To his record-breaking performance during the Committee Stage, when he won the admiration of the Conservative Press and exasperated the Lord President, he now added a line-by-line, night-long fight on the Report. He himself spoke often. He begins, almost invariably, with an epiglottal grunt, a signature tune that says, "Look out, here comes Bracken." But his grunt is worse than his bite; and the Government was not disturbed by his uninhibited opprobrium.

It must be acknowledged that Bracken had more success with the Communist Party; so much so that one point he stung Gallacher (who earlier in the day had been seen on the Terrace with a Salvation Army Commissioner) into quoting scripture. The matter had something to do with compensation for gas stock-holders. As far as Labour Members were concerned, their emotion sprang chiefly from the fact that the average Tory attendance during the night was badly in the thirties, while they were asked by a Three Line Whip to be in full attendance. Bracken's platoons kept them sleepless while the Tory armies slumbered in bed. To the Gas interests in the gallery, Brendan Bracken, climbing about the back-benches, exhorting here, chiding there, must have seemed the greatest Marshal since Montgomery.

The Representation of the People Bill, on Report, revived the old argument about the University vote, and introduced a new and acrimonious discussion about the use of motor cars on polling-day. Walter Elliot, the Member for the Scottish Universities, made a restrained case for keeping the University seats. There was no need, he thought, for the Government to despair of educated persons voting Socialist. Professor Savory, the Member for Queen's University, tried to make his point by anecdote.

"One evening," he said, "the Marquis of Salisbury came home and said to his wife"—

Mr. H. Hynd: "'Go and sin no more.'"

Professor Savory: "He said to his wife the Marchioness, 'I am very much distressed because this Conference is going to break down, I fear, on the question of the University franchise.'"

The House will be less enlightened and less entertained with the departure of some of the University Members. But, to many Labour Members, Sir Arthur Salter seemed to insist to the limit of dignity on the unique virtue of the University representatives, and it was left for Crossman—a renegade don, as the University Members might have thought—to expose the false pathos of Salter's claims.

The main Tory criticism of the Representation of the People Bill is that, contrary to Labour's claim that it seeks to equalise the opportunities of fair representation, it merely wants to reduce Tory representation. The debate on how many cars candidates should use was peacefully revolving around this theme when the Tory Turton, Member for Thirsk and Malton, made the novel suggestion that the criminal mind lends itself to Socialism." To emphasise this point, he said that he had seen members of the Socialist Party come into his constituency and dabble in the black-market. Labour Members, who had always regarded theft, fraud and the black-market as a debased form of private enterprise, were first astonished and then outraged.

There are, however, some subjects on which both Tories and Socialists will combine to resist Ministers. One of these, raised by Symonds, is the plan to drive a trunk road through the Cambridge Backs. The other question which aroused the general curiosity of the House was in connection with the arrangements for Col. Tasoev's comfort during his stay in Britain. Blackburn asked it first. Hughes asked it again. "Who is Mrs. Wiggins?"

MAURICE EDELMAN

THE ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

ONLY a few months ago most of the newspapers were full of talk about the dangerously inflationary condition of the British economy. To-day, the same critics are talking uneasily about the perils of a deflationary slump. It is all really rather odd; for if the inflation which was so readily accepted as fact had really existed, it is not easy to see how affairs could have been turned right upside down by what has happened since. Sir Stafford Cripps admittedly took a deflationary line, first in his insistence on the need for stabilising wages and reducing prices, and next in the Budget itself; but hardly any of the commentators then suggested that he was going too far, and many accused him of not going nearly far enough. What, then, has occurred to cause the sudden change of tune?

Is the explanation, primarily, that the long-anticipated end to the sellers' market has come, now that more and more countries are forced to restrict purchases not only in dollars but in all foreign currencies? There is something in this; but it is a symptom, rather than a cause. To some extent, the sellers' market is undoubtedly drying up; but it is doing so fully as much in internal as in external transactions. To be sure, in both fields it is still much more a matter of anticipated trends than of actually large downward movements; but at any rate the uneasiness is spreading steadily over a wider and wider field. The talk about "too much money chasing too few goods" has died almost completely away. Particular cases still exist in plenty; for the range of goods that are in absolutely short supply remains very large. But the practice of adding up these particular instances to make a generalisation about surplus consumers' incomes has gone out of fashion.

Why? The plain truth is that these excess incomes never existed on any mass scale except in some people's imaginations. As long as nearly everything was scarce, too much money could appear to be chasing too few goods; but for many classes of goods a quite small increase in supply sufficed fully to meet the demand at current prices. It is also, doubtless, true that the creation in people's minds of some expectation of lower prices caused a certain amount of holding off among potential buyers; but it is to be doubted whether this factor has been really of much account in respect of the main body of everyday consumers. If a buyers' strike has begun, or is on the way, it is not a strike of consumers unwilling to spend, but rather a mood of hesitation among investors and entrepreneurs; and these were in fact the classes which held most of the excess purchasing power denounced as inflationary and said, quite untruly, to be chasing scarce consumers' goods. Where consumers are holding off, it is mainly lack of incomes that is keeping demand down.

Indeed, the truth to-day about the British economy is that, on the one hand, there is evident need for an exceptionally high rate of capital investment during the next few years if any real recovery is to be achieved; but that, on the other hand, there is a falling rate of voluntary private saving by individuals, coupled with a continuance of the reluctance of entrepreneurs to undertake or finance really large investment projects, or to put themselves about to execute orders which seem unlikely to open up durably profitable lines. Such a situation can look like an inflation, but is in fact quite unlike. In a real inflation everyone is eager to turn money into goods, because goods keep their value whereas money does not. But no such eagerness has been present in the British economy. The desire to get rid of British money has been in the main a desire to exchange it for other money rather than for goods—or at any rate for British goods. Hence the sterling "leak," unaccompanied by any flight from money to goods within Great Britain.

What confronts us is the plain fact that in attempting—without much hope of early success—to bring our international payments nearer to balance, we are running the risk of causing a serious recurrence of unemployment. Unpleasantly large pockets of unused labour already co-exist with shortage elsewhere. Liverpool is not the only area which is complaining of serious lack of jobs for skilled as well as less skilled workers; and there is manifest danger at almost any moment of the appearance of extensive unemployment in the building industry, as one big contract after another is finished off with much less to take its place. The real deflating factor acting on employment at present is the scaling-down of the capital programme. This had two motives behind it—to save imports of scarce materials (e.g. timber), and to effect a further transfer of manpower to the export industries; but unemployment can be avoided only to the extent to which the transfers are effective.

They cannot, however, be effective save to a limited extent. Transfer of labour, over short periods, is a very difficult process, except under war conditions; and the absorptive capacity of the export industries is also limited by the willingness and ability of these industries to expand. It is often stressed that many workers would sooner be out of work than move to totally unfamiliar areas or jobs; but it is at least as true that many firms would sooner stay as they are, with order books comfortably full, than strain themselves to seek orders to be fulfilled with untrained and, as they think, unsuitable labour. Sudden scaling down of a capital programme cannot be expected, under the existing set-up, to bring about an equivalent expansion elsewhere. It is calculated to induce unemployment, even in face of a manifest need for higher total production, especially if firms are being asked to expand in markets which they regard as offering a very precarious future, or perhaps no future at all, for profitable sales.

When employers are gathered together, it is being freely said that nothing short of a high percentage of unemployed workers looking for jobs can avail to bring costs of production down to a satisfactory level. The old doctrine, that a large reserve of labour is a necessary condition of labour efficiency, is being advocated again; and it is being argued that, if only all the controls were taken off and all the subsidies removed, the old system of incentives would begin again to work, and fewer employed workers would turn out more goods than are being turned out to-day, when none fear the sack and labour attitudes are based on a sense of security that has never existed before. Unemployment, in the circles in which such doctrines are advocated, is regarded not as a curse, but as the human price to be paid for production efficiency; and unequal distribution of the product, desired by those who regard rationing as a personal insult, is proclaimed as the necessary spur to effort. Controls and planning are denounced as involving the stultification of enterprise.

If the apostles of these doctrines get their way, what will happen? Will the workers, who have tasted at last of the fruits of security, consent to be thrust back into the old uncertainties, or will they revolt? The question will be put to the test if the Labour Party loses the next General Election, and if the Conservatives come back to power and proceed to follow their own instincts and their wish to please the Americans by sweeping away controls and subsidies, disclaiming responsibility for the maintenance of full employment, and allowing the "natural" forces of capitalist economics to have free play. But it may be proved less crudely even before 1950 if the Labour Government, in its efforts to improve the balance of payments and to offset the alleged inflationary tendencies of present policy, allows unemployment to re-appear on a significant scale, and thus puts itself at the mercy of employers whose "confidence" it must seek to restore in the hope of checking the downward spiral.

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The new wage and income policy adopted by the Government early this year was reluctantly accepted by the Trade Unions out of a feeling of loyalty to the Government and because its rejection would have confronted the Government with an admittedly difficult situation. It was, however, accepted only on certain conditions which, if never clearly formulated, were none the less quite distinctly understood. One of these conditions was that the acknowledged rise of profit incomes—a direct by-product of full employment under capitalist enterprise—should be checked ; a second was that the pledges given by the Government to maintain a high and stable level of employment should be unequivocally honoured.

As matters stand to-day, both these conditions are in jeopardy. Profit margins cannot be reduced under a control system designed to allow a "reasonable" profit to the least efficient firms; and even under such a system full employment cannot be maintained as long as both capital construction and working-class incomes are held in check. On the other hand, incomes cannot be expanded, and the cuts in capital expenditure enforced after last year's crisis cannot be cancelled without widening the gap between imports and the means of paying for them. Thus the condition which would make possible a real cut in profit margins is either a slump which would reduce employment or a much more drastic policy of socialisation designed to take the major part of large-scale private industry into public hands.

What are the morals? That, so far from the present situation pointing to the desirability of a return to a "free, market-price economy," as some people suggest, the task of restoring health to the British economic system calls for more, and not less planned regulation. Of course, it is desirable to simplify the controls to the fullest possible extent ; but the advocates of such a policy are apt to forget that often the easiest way of simplifying a control is so to tighten it as to make it complete. The most complex controls are those which have to be complex precisely because they are partial and allow so many exceptions. Control is simplest of all when a whole branch of enterprise is nationalised outright. It would be much simpler to control foreign trade, and to strike good bargains for obtaining necessary imports, if the entire export trade were a public monopoly ; and it would be much simpler to achieve a right allocation of resources to home and export markets if the industries affected were publicly owned, and not merely regulated on a basis which involves giving each firm an adequate incentive to do what is required of it in the national interest.

This has a manifest bearing on the suggestion, so often made, that the Government, having done enough socialisation already, can afford to devote the next few years to a process of "consolidation." Plainly it cannot, unless it is prepared to consolidate unbalance and to run the risk of a return, under much worse conditions, to the under-employed economy of the inter-war period. Means must be found of restoring a high rate of investment in industry in order to achieve higher production, and of reconciling high investment with a maintenance of tolerable living standards. This involves tightly organised control of international trade (*e.g.* our need for coarse grains from the Soviet Union means that we must secure from industry assured deliveries of machinery, etc., to exchange for them ; if there are too many "false teeth" and too few "hydraulic cranes" in the "wider range" of British goods which Mr. Wilson wants to see shipped to the U.S.S.R., the chances of an extended Anglo-Russian trade agreement are reduced.) And this, in turn, requires not merely planning, but closer executive control over the carrying out of the plans—in effect, more socialisation, more State trading, more regulation of production. The alternative is under-production and unemployment through sheer inability to purchase the foodstuffs and materials needed for keeping the people of these islands at work.

MALAN AND RACIALISM

[By a South African Correspondent]

The defeat of Smuts and the United Party in the South African elections came as a shock to the Union no less than to the outside world. None doubted that the United Party majority would be reduced. But neither United Party pessimists nor Nationalist optimists anticipated so sweeping a change. Between them, the Nationalist and Afrikaner parties swept the "Platteland," *i.e.*, the rural areas of Afrikaner domicile. But they have also made considerable gains in urban areas, particularly in constituencies on the Rand. The victories represent a successful adaptation of Dutch-Nationalist policy, which was at one time largely rural in its aspirations, to the requirements of urbanised Afrikaners, whose background outlook has survived the appeal of South African Labour and United Party blandishments.

It is easy, as every election shows, to find comfortable explanations of a defeat. It is argued, and there is some truth in the arguments, that many of the United Party candidates were poor, that there was widespread complacency, that propaganda and electioneering were badly mishandled. But in the face of the general trend such arguments as these carry little weight. There can be no doubt that the central role played in the election was the racial question. It is not that the policy of the United Party in that issue had been a radical one. The history of South African Native policy, the situation of the Indians as shown at Uno, and the attitude towards "coloureds," *i.e.*, half-castes, illustrate that clearly. But there had been a growing tendency towards a more realistic racial policy amongst the U.P. leadership, symbolised in the great expansion there has been in non-European education, in medical and social provision for non-Europeans, and in attempts to reduce the industrial discrimination against them. None of these measures was much more "liberal" in fact than the policy of a farmer in keeping his oxen healthy, or the factory and industrial legislation of the nineteenth century in Britain. None the less, the tendency was there ; the U.P. was departing from the rigorous policy of *apartheid*—race segregation, with no equality in home, church or State—and beginning to accept urbanisation as essential to the welfare of the Union.

The electorate has turned towards Malan and his supporters, because Dutch-Nationalism expresses their own almost pathological hatred of ideas of racial equality and tolerance. Support for Dutch-Nationalism comes mainly from farmers who are prepared to go to great lengths to check the loss of their farm labour to better-paid urban employment ; from Afrikaner immigrants into urban employment who are deeply concerned at the threat to their privileged position if once the barriers to Native employment in skilled and semi-skilled work be lifted ; and in general from people who view liberal trends and ideas of democratic reform as anathema to their rigid conceptions of church and State, hating even the mildly progressive conservatism of Hofmeyr as the loathsome embodiment of Red Bolshevism. Fear and hatred, pathological in their intensity, gave Malan power. The attacks on Hofmeyr and on Communism were because of Native policy. The central issue of the past, Dutch-English relations, was soft-pedalled and subordinate.

What of the outlook? Malan's majority is extremely slender, and it depends upon the maintenance of a working agreement between Malan and Havenga, the leader of the Afrikaner Party. Between these two there have been many clashes of personality in the past, as was shown by the difficulties experienced in attempting to achieve an electoral agreement. Furthermore, the Senate, at present overwhelmingly U.P. in membership, raises difficult problems, for it can reject financial Bills, and there is as yet no budget for this year. Dr. Malan has the right to dissolve the Senate within 120 days of the dissolution of the Assembly, *i.e.*, before August 15th, and call for the election of a new Upper House. While the composition of the Provincial Councils remains as it is, the increase in the number of Nationalist and Afrikaner M.P.s, who, with the members of the Provincial Council for the Province in which they are elected, nominate the Senators, would give the Government at most three new Senators. Added to the eight that the Government nominate, this would mean 22 for each side in the Senate. To change this situation, and obtain a working majority in the Senate, new provincial elections will be necessary, and though they will probably follow the pattern of the general election, this process will take time.

It is clear that Malan's situation is not an easy one. Nor do his problems stop there. Malan and, possibly, the A.P. leader, Havenga (though his recent political affinities make this less certain), are constitutionalists and believers in parliamentarianism. Not so, many of their party members. The growth of Nazi and Fascist ideas in South African Nationalism is one of its most ominous features. Those who glibly believe that the Nationalist of 1948 differs little from his predecessor of 1938 are due for a rude awakening, for many of the most forceful younger members of the party are steeped in Nazi ideology whose Herrenvolkism and anti-Communism has made a lasting impression on their outlook. Malan and Havenga do not represent the extreme leadership of the Nationalist Party to-day, as Malan did 10 years ago. There are two trends in the Nationalist movement as clearly as there were in the early days of the Nazi Party of Germany, and it would be a mis-reading of the current political trend in the Union to mistake the Nazi character of the forces which are at the moment striving to consolidate the very considerable gains they have made.

What of the opposition to them? A large number of the defeats of the United Party represent defeats of their Right-wing members ; but quite a proportion of the members returned are still of a definite bias along the anti-Hofmeyr, anti-Communist and anti-non-European line. When Smuts goes, their loyalty to race will almost undoubtedly outweigh their loyalty to party, for they will never feel at ease with the policy of Hofmeyr. This emphasises the dangers implicit in the trend towards a powerful Nationalist majority on a constitutional basis, coupled with the undoubted Fascist tendencies of the more extreme group led by Strydom and Louw, and reinforced by van Rensburg and his Ossewa-Brandwag.

So far as the immediate programme goes, it can be assumed that the Dutch-Nationalists will endeavour to win new voters, especially in marginal constituencies, with concessions, perhaps in income tax, possibly through wage determinations in industries localised in key areas. It can also be assumed that they will make a start with their repressive race policy. The laws to check the movement to the towns, already repressive, and already ineffective, will probably receive a new lease of life. The Unemployed Assistance Act will almost certainly be removed from operation, if not from the Statute Book. Europeans will for the moment be given a "good time," whilst race hatred and anti-Communism are sedulously and steadily encouraged. Attacks upon the Indians in Natal will unquestionably split this United Party bastion, whilst similar attacks on African trade unionists will have more than a limited appeal amongst the European electorate. In the short run, a headlong collision with European opponents is unlikely. They must first be divided still further along the lines that colour questions so enticingly suggest. Sooner or later the three seats held by the Native Representatives may be lost. It can be assumed that the seats conceded to Indians under the Land Tenure and Indian Representation Act will never be filled, and the "coloured" voter in the Cape is liable also to lose his franchise on the common roll.

How far South African policy in the international field will be modified, it is difficult to

ee. There will probably be less change than ight be thought; for international affairs, articularly for a small and strategically imortantly placed country like the Union are, less ubject to the "will of the nation" than the omestic situation. But it is quite possible that outh African support for sterling will worsen, nd the Union move more into the American rbit than hitherto. (Concessions for American xports and capital might, it has been said, be ranted in exchange for South West Africa.) ut foreign policy will change slowly; there is till a need to nurse the English-speaking voter. f once these tactics are successful, and an ssured Dutch-Nationalist majority is achieved, hings may become very different, for the xtremists will become impatient and their power s great and liable to grow. The anti-English, nti-Empire feeling amongst large sections is ery real. In Pretoria, Union Jacks have been ut out of the Union Flag by hooligans, and hanting, marching groups in Johannesburg have een parading with anti-Semitic and anti-English ries on their lips. The future is ominous, for he word "liberal" in South Africa is already a erm of abuse, and the Afrikaner people, who laim that their aim historically has been only to ecure equality and freedom for themselves are lready far along the road of its denial to others.

A LONDON DIARY

THE cancellation of the much advertised Trooping of the Colour last week dealt a blow o the British Myth, part of which is that none of us pays attention to the weather—least of all he Crown and the Guards, whose duties include he performance of ceremonial functions even f it snows. In their natural irritation, some of the waiting thousands may at first have been nclined to blame the Government when they were told by loud-speakers in the midst of right sunshine that the show had been cancelled because of weather conditions. Actually, most of them knew about the cancellation before Mr. Attlee, who at the appointed time was still all set to take his private party to view the ceremony from the stand erected at No. 10. The fact is that on this occasion no Prime Minister, not even Mr. Churchill, would have dared to interfere. If he had, he would have violated the constitution and trespassed on what must be one of the few surviving parts of the Royal Prerogative in which the King himself takes the decision. The pages of King's Regulations which set out the relationship between the King and the Brigade of Guards, and their rights and privileges, are not a mere formality. The King is, in effect, their Commanding Officer. They are his personal troops and he deals direct with them. The normal channels of command do not apply, except on the field of battle. Even when any brigade with two or more battalions of Guards in it must be commanded by a Guards officer. Should the brigadier be away for any reason, an officer from a line regiment may command—temporarily. Another Guards officer must take over in the shortest possible time, even if it means sending to England for one. Democracy in the Army has got a long way under the Labour Government, but the Guards hold firm. So the decision whether to hold the parade or not rested entirely with the King and the G.O.C., London District, and no one in Whitehall or Westminster could tamper with it.

* * *

In this instance a curious set of circumstances brought about the cancellation. At Richmond, where some of the troops were due to start out in the early hours of the morning, there were thunderstorms and rain. Meteorological reports suggested that they might be repeated later on over the Horse Guards Parade. The G.O.C., London District (a Guards officer because some Guards are always in London) was concerned at what might happen to the uniforms. Before the War Commanding Officers faced the prospect of rain with more equanimity. The full-dress uniform was the personal property of the officers and men. If it was spoilt, the owner had to buy another one. Some officers insured their outfits against the risk for anything between £150 and £200. Now the uniforms are public property, and the Commanding Officers have to account for them if they are damaged. Hence the increased chariness. There was the even greater difficulty of replacement at a time when cloth is scarce and expensive. But why should a drop of rain ruin a soldier's uniform? Because when they were first designed, Blancoed belts were not worn with them. To-day they are, and once the Blanco runs on to the cloth, the uniform can't be worn again. And why did no one think of having two uniforms—one khaki and one full dress? That is a question a cat may ask a king.

* * *

I suppose the *Investors' Review* is written exclusively for that section of the population which feels most aggrieved at the curtailment of luxuries which necessarily followed the war. That is the only explanation I can find for the curiously amateur paragraph which it recently published attacking some remarks of mine in this column. I remarked that the number of children's shoes sold in this country is 50 per cent. greater than it was before the war; and that it was difficult to convince people that standards for the *whole* country had actually risen since pre-war days. The *Investors' Review* argues that the figures only show that the number of shoes transferred to warehouse stock has been increased by 50 per cent., not that they have been sold, and it asks why, in comparing our living standards with those of pre-war, I should rely on the "verdict of a column of figures" rather than on the evidence of my senses. I have checked up about the shoes; it is true that some small part of the 50 per cent. is accounted for by warehouse accumulations, but the correction is unimportant since it remains true that the amount of children's footwear actually sold has been much greater than before the war, and that with the abolition of coupons any excessive warehouse accumulations will also soon disappear. It is I who am relying on my senses, not the *Investors' Review*. I notice, for instance, that children have never looked so well, which is perhaps connected with the fact that the national consumption of milk has greatly increased since before the war, and the amount drunk by children in the schools more than doubled. The *Investors' Review* even invites me to look at drink and tobacco. They could not have chosen more unhappy examples. Beer, rather small beer, I admit, is consumed in greater quantities than before the war, and there are even—here the evidence of my senses alone would not have informed me—more spirits drunk in this country. As for tobacco, the consumption has gone up by 25 per cent. since 1938. I suppose if you smoke only cigars, you need statistics to tell you this. To me it is obvious that almost everybody I know smokes as much, in spite of the price, and that many people smoke who never smoked before.

* * *

Fears that the M.I.5 security purge was likely to be dangerously enlarged have been quickly confirmed by the ruling that extends it to everyone, from the office-boy upwards, in all the Defence Ministries—including Supply. How long will it be before the witch-hunt gets going in "confidential industries"? Is Parliament going to allow this serious departure from the Prime Minister's original pledge to go by default?

* * *

Though there has been little about the trial of Madeleine Parent in the Canadian or British press, it has attracted plenty of attention in Canada and the full report that lies before me is as full of what used to be dynamite to the Liberal and Labour parties as an Upton Sinclair novel. Madeleine comes from a well-to-do French-Canadian family and had an all-round first-class record at McGill University. She married a Canadian of Icelandic descent who served in the tank corps in the war. She got into trouble by becoming an organiser of the textile workers in the Duplessis mills, which have a bad record for pay and conditions and a long record of successful strike-breaking. She was arrested as one of those responsible for the prolonged strike at Lachute last year. She had also said rude things about Mr. Duplessis himself. But the nominal charge against her of conspiracy seems to have been forgotten by counsel and judge who were interested in proving that she was a Communist, though it was clear that she was nothing of the sort. In any case it is not illegal to be a Communist in Canada, and the paper *Combat*, with which she had rashly allowed her name to be associated, was on sale throughout the long trial, taking the "party line" all the time. After the trial *Combat* was padlocked by the police along with the printing office that does its work. The decision for thus suppressing a newspaper for a year belongs, I'm told, to Mr. Duplessis, who is in charge of the police as well as of the mills. Madeleine was sentenced to the maximum term of two years' imprisonment. She is out on bail. Her appeal will mainly be based on the conduct of the trial and the attitude of the judge who in summing up suggested that the speech of the prosecuting counsel ought to be distributed in pamphlet form. He compared him with Cicero and the Defence with Catiline. The speech for the prosecution was a powerful oration; it mainly consisted of a long examination of Communist doctrine and an appeal to papal encyclicals. Reporters from Canadian papers admitted that they had orders not to cover the trial, and the only paper to take exception to it was the *Toronto Star*.

* * *

Village talk this week naturally turned on the death of a much beloved local wit, who was run over by a car a week or two ago in a country lane. He was an elderly labourer, reputed to be a comprehensive authority on the Law; he always sat in the same corner of the pub, slyly inserting dry and effective cracks into the stream of gossip. We believed he was going to get better; at any rate he was asking for beer in the hospital a few days after his accident. Some people in the village are very angry; Mr. Park declares that no motorist, in a built-up area or any other, ought to be allowed to go at more than twenty miles an hour. He would have all cars fixed that way. He adds that any motorist who kills anyone ought to be permanently branded on the forehead with the Mark of Cain. I am not surprised at the anger, even when it takes this exaggerated form. My surprise is that the non-motoring class tolerates a situation in which 7,000 people are killed annually by motorists, a few of whom, judging by the wireless, do not even stop to pick up the bodies of their victims. In America, where soldiers killed in battle in the war numbered only three times as many as road deaths in the same period, this passive acceptance of slaughter is more intelligible, because there are so many workers who also own cars. We have to admit that one of the least understood mysteries of sociology is just what people will put up with.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Elsie White got fifteen proposals of marriage in the post after she was acquitted of the manslaughter of her father by throwing an aspidistra pot at him. —*Sunday Pictorial*. (A. H. S. Holbourn.)

"I would like to say," he added, "that Police Constable Davies, of the South Shore Division, gave my boy one of the finest teachings in psychology that it is possible for an adult to give to a boy.

"This has been a lesson to him. He has not slept for several nights.—Report in *West Lancashire Gazette*. (E. Rafferty.)

With regard to damage done by cats, and gardens contaminated, etc., all this is psychological. Such cats are a reflection of the homes they come from, as we all are.—Letter in *Nottingham Evening Post*. (E. L. Packer.)

There were men and women preaching in village churches in Leicestershire, who believed that the earth was flat, the Rev. H. A. Harcup, of Leicester, told the Midland Baptist Association Assembly at Derby yesterday.

Reason for this "crankiness," he claimed was the lack of Baptist ministers. Some lay preachers held beliefs that were not in accord with Baptist teaching.—*News Chronicle*. (E. R.)

In *The Verdict of You All* there are really no holes to pick; it is an English murder, and does our country credit.—Extract from *The Verdict of the Critics*, on the inside back cover of a Penguin Detective Story. (R. Overdoff.)

THE RETREAT OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY

Not a neigh was heard, not a bugle call,
As the Guards under cover they hurried,
For the War Office signalled a distant squall,
And the wardrobe-master was worried.

They feared that the Life Guards' full dress parade
Might be all washed out in a torrent
Ere a courier spurred from the Board of Trade
With a Royal Mackintosh Warrant.

Their battle honours the Life Guards won
In days when colours were faster,
Nor did England expect the Guards would run,
Or blanch at a Blanco disaster.

But they feared the mingling of martial dyes
In the view of ten thousand spectators,
With tunics reddening buckskin thighs
And crimsoning trumpeters' gaiters.

Little men reck though the rain should pour
On the Ascot Moss Bros. enclosure,
But the British Army's premier *corps*
Retreats from the risk of exposure.

With useless cuirass upon the breast,
With red plumes drearily drooping,
They sheltered like warriors taking their rest,
Instead of gallantly Trooping.

The Life Guards dismounted with faces red,
By standards and lances surrounded—
Few and short were the words they said
As "Weather Permitting" was sounded.

On the Horse Guards Parade we waited in vain,
And our language was perfectly gory,
But the Life Guards were ordered in out of the rain,
So we left them alone in their glory.

SAGITTARIUS

WHO KILLED THE KING?

On the morning of June 9th, 1946, members of the Siamese Government and leading notables were informed that the young King of Siam had been found at about 9 o'clock that morning shot through the head as he lay in bed. They were summoned to the Palace, but were kept waiting several hours before seeing the body, which, by that time, had been washed and laid out in a bed in another room. All the material evidence for forming a judgment about his death had thus been removed. The revolver had been handled by various people and nothing could be learnt from finger prints. All that the long line of important visitors could see was a blackened bullet hole in the King's forehead.

The Queen Mother was broken with grief. Suicide was assumed by everyone and complete confusion reigned about the right course of action. No one dared to insist on an autopsy. The general desire was to protect the Royal Family from what was regarded as a serious disgrace and in the evening the Prime Minister, Luang Pradit (commonly known as Pridi), issued a communique stating that the King had been unwell, had been dosed with castor oil by his mother at 7 o'clock in the morning and subsequently had been accidentally shot.

The communique was badly worded and satisfied no-one. Efforts to make political capital of the King's death were set on foot within a few hours of the discovery of the tragedy. European Ambassadors in Bangkok were confidentially informed by members of the Opposition that the King had been murdered by order of the Prime Minister. Since that day the mystery of the King's death has been a main subject of conversation in Siam; rumours have run riot; and the investigating committee which was set up by Pridi worked in an atmosphere which precluded impartial inquiry or a convincing verdict.

No serious evidence can be adduced to incriminate the Prime Minister. Pridi has been the most popular and democratic of Siamese statesmen. He led the movement for constitutional reform which in 1932 ended absolute monarchy in Siam. At that time he sponsored a programme which we should describe as mild Socialism, but which his enemies denounced as "Communism." During the 'thirties he had been Prime Minister, and held many other Ministerial offices. During the war he had been founder and leader of the Resistance against the Japanese. The Right, discredited by collaboration, were willing to go to all lengths to damage him. The death of the King gave them their opportunity. They even hired men to spread the rumour that he was the King's murderer. Strange stories were put about that he was a republican who intended to get rid of the Royal Family and proclaim himself dictator. At one moment the police even asserted that they had found, in his wife's private safe, a draft proclamation of a Republic. The document was not produced and no-one believes in its existence. To these accusations it is enough to answer that Pridi's record shows that he had never been a republican, but, on the contrary, that he had been careful to maintain the dignity of the Siamese Royal Family; that if he had wished to proclaim a Republic he could have done so with safety when he was Regent at the end of the war; and that if he had wished to destroy the Siamese monarchy it would have been necessary for him to plot, not one clumsy murder, but also the deaths of the King's brother and all the other numerous successors to the throne. Nor has the slightest evidence been adduced for the suggestion that in a fit of temper he encouraged some follower to rid him of the King after the manner of Henry II and the turbulent Thomas à Becket. Politically he had everything to lose and nothing to gain by the King's death.

If motive seems to be lacking so does opportunity. Two royal pages, not appointed by Pridi, both aristocrats of long service in the court, slept outside the King's door; it was one of these who after hearing the shot entered the King's room and ran to report the tragedy to the Queen Mother. These two pages have now long been kept, chained, in Bangkok's principal jail. They have never provided any evidence of murder, nor have the Doctor, or the Queen Mother, or the nurse, all of whom were quickly on the spot. The ugliest aspect of the entire case is the continued imprisonment and maltreatment of these two men, against whom, as far as we know, there is no evidence. They have apparently said nothing to satisfy the police after many months of questioning, reinforced, it is believed, by every kind of pressure, including the use of drugs and torture.

Pridi's own conduct after the murder confirms belief in his innocence. According to the evidence of those who saw him on the afternoon of June 9th, he was almost distraught by the news. He at once appointed an investigation committee mainly composed of his political opponents. It must be remembered that in the general assumption of suicide no investigation was made on the day of the tragedy. It was not until doctors examined the body later that they found the hole in the back of the neck through which the bullet had passed; another day had passed before the discovery of the pillow in which the bullet was embedded. When it did meet, the investigating commission made its inquiries in the full glare of intimidatory publicity; crowds, excited by opposition propaganda, settled down to permanent picnic parties outside the Palace. The commission was naturally cautious. Its most important, but unhelpful, conclusion was that the original communique had been mistaken in saying that the King had died as the result of an accident.

The whole affair was disastrous for Pridi and for Siam. The prejudice created against Pridi facilitated the *coup d'état* which his rival, Pibul, smoothly carried out in November, 1947. Pridi escaped to Singapore. But his name means much in Siam and the present army clique which rules in Bangkok are well aware that he is still popular in the country and might be expected sooner or later to return as a national leader of the democratic movement. Everything is done therefore to keep alive the theory of his guilt. A new investigating committee into the two years' old tragedy was appointed in 1948. In conversation those who appointed it admit that its activities are farcical.

After two years the death of the King remains a fascinating mystery for the amateur detective. Was the King murdered? There is no evidence against any person; and no plausible theory of motive. As to opportunity it could only have existed on the assumption of a conspiracy amongst the close associates of the King in committing the murder or at least in telling the same story afterwards. All we can say in the absence of factual evidence or confession is that murder remains a completely unsubstantiated hypothesis.

What are the possibilities of suicide? Again, there would seem no adequate motive. The King had recently had a disagreement with the Queen Mother about her desire to return to Switzerland with his brother. It was his habit to keep the revolver, a heavy Colt .45, by his bedside and to amuse himself by shooting birds from the window. Apart from a difficulty of understanding why he should have suddenly wished to kill himself the police declare that the position of the wound precludes suicide. They urge that a man accustomed to the use of firearms would shoot himself through the temple or through the roof of the mouth and that it would in any case be difficult for him to hold the heavy revolver with his left hand high up to his forehead. The cartridge, it was said, was found on the left-hand side of the bed; the revolver, again according to the story of the pages and the Queen Mother, had fallen on the bed close to the king's left elbow. Assuming that these details are accurate, they seem insufficient to prove the police theory. It is not impossible, for instance, to hold a revolver steady by using both hands. The verdict remains open.

Is accident excluded? That the commission of inquiry should decide that no-one could be accidentally shot in the forehead at such close range as to blacken the skin seems at first quite reasonable. But such an accident is not excluded. The story has been reconstructed in the following manner. At 7 o'clock the King had been dosed with castor oil and had stayed in bed waiting events. It would be in accordance with his usual habit to load his revolver with the idea of bird-shooting. He would be interrupted by the necessity of hurrying into his bathroom. After his return, he would naturally feel inclined to lie down. He may have dozed, awakening soon afterwards to remember that he had left his revolver loaded and cocked by his bedside. Being very well accustomed to firearms, he would feel he ought to unload it and lazily stretch out his left hand for it without getting up. In that case the revolver, in his left hand, would have passed directly over his head on its way to his right hand. If the revolver slipped, he would have clutched it tightly, and it is, on this reconstruction,

perfectly possible to imagine the trigger going off and the bullet entering his head high in his forehead. This of course is again mere hypothesis, but it offers a plausible example of how such an accident could take place.

Students of detection may enjoy following up the details of this tragedy and forming their own theories. They will find the task of solution complicated by the almost total absence of real evidence, by the disputes between the doctors about the significance of the fact that the King's body showed no symptoms of the spasm that would be expected after suicide, and by the obvious desire of witnesses to say nothing likely to discredit the Royal Family or to get themselves into trouble. They are likely to be impressed by the unreliability of the police and by the political bias shown by most of those concerned in the affair. They will soon discover, if they pursue their inquiries in Bangkok, that those who most profit by the theory of Pridi's guilt do not seriously believe in it and that those who could aid him by expressing their belief in his innocence prefer to maintain a cowardly silence. Above all, they are likely to come to the conclusion that whatever the truth, the death of the King of Siam has been used most unworthily as a weapon against an able and patriotic statesman whose return would mean better government in Bangkok as well as much embarassment for those who have supplanted him.

THE AMERICAN MALE

THE investigation into human sexual behaviour published by Dr. A. C. Kinsey, of the University of Indiana, has probably attracted more attention in America than any other psychological document for many years. Apart from the public interest attaching to anything with the word "sexual" in its title, and apart from the rather prejudiced uproar which objective investigation of social and moral custom always excites, the importance of the information obtained, and the striking revision of existing ideas which it entails, make this book* of lasting importance outside the special fields of psychology and anthropology.

In spite of a great body of writing on sexual behaviour, scientific study and, especially, the attempt to decide how far the impulses and behaviour of a given patient are statistically normal have been handicapped by the fact that we have so far had no real information about the attitudes and practices which make up the sexual life and custom of the ordinary man. Kinsey points out that a certain number of primitive peoples, who regard their sexuality with complete frankness, attach as much ritual and inhibition to the processes of cooking and eating as Western cultures attach to sexuality; and he speculates how much we should know about nutrition and digestion if the incidence of taboos were reversed.

Kinsey's investigation is a serious attempt to obtain facts, by the process of interviewing personally 12,000 Americans of all social and geographical groups. Very high praise is due to the patience of the interviewers, to the elaborate precautions which they took to secure the confidence of their record (it was coded, and no written copy of the key exists) and to the extremely painstaking statistical precautions, but it is the public to whom, as the investigators admit, the chief credit is due. Once the subjects had been convinced of the value of the survey and of the seriousness of its intention, their willingness to answer questions of a kind which might be expected to provoke emotional resistance, and to discuss frankly exploits which were socially discreditable, punishable, or both, was ungrudging. The investigators encountered opposition from organisations, from "wowsers" and from the police, who made several attempts to have them arrested and their grant stopped, but never from their subjects. A public ranging from doctors and children to old ladies and criminals co-operated freely: all it asked was informed help with its personal problems.

The results, which are unique in scope and in being, to all intents and purposes, statistically unassailable, will astonish very nearly everyone. The layman's first reaction is likely to be disappointment at the lack of variety in his own sexual experience having regard to the possibilities. Nobody who reads Kinsey can remain conceited about his own sexual uniqueness. While the book's most sensational content is the extremely high incidence of sexual practices which psychiatry has come to regard as abnormal, including an incidence of bestiality in one rural population exceeding 10%, the most important social findings relate to differences in custom and moral belief. The American public, which is conveniently divided by its educational system, is shown, anthropologically, to consist of completely separate nations, each with its own social *mores* and its own standards of acceptance and rejection. These sub-nations are not racial but educational. Differences between racial groups (the Negro population is so far excluded for lack of data) and successive generations are negligible, but the college-level differs as widely from the artisan class as one native tribe from another. Kinsey shows that beliefs concerning what is or is not sexually permissible are determined almost wholly by these educational group *mores*, and tend to become fixed by the age of 16.

The lowest group accepts pre-marital and extra-marital intercourse, but rejects as abnormal almost all other forms of behaviour; it rejects nakedness and erotic experiment, even within marriage, but it accepts prostitution. The highest group tends to reject complete sexual relations outside marriage, but accepts a wide variety of behaviour within marriage, as well as masturbation and pre-marital "petting," which the lower level regards as perverse. Most striking of all is the finding that the War, the depression which preceded it, and the wealth of other historical changes in the last half century have had negligible effects on these patterns of conduct. Kinsey is able to show that the man who consorts with prostitutes in the Army would have done so as frequently and at as early an age had he never joined up. Differences between religious groups are also analysed. Fascists may be interested to know that Orthodox Jews represent the most rigid of all groups in their moral attitudes.

More important from the viewpoint of psychiatry, and possibly more irritating to the moral theorists, are the incidences of individual practices in the population under study. By the late teens, 85 per cent of males of the grade-school group and 75 per cent of the high school group, compared with 42 per cent of the college group, engage regularly in pre-marital intercourse. There is some evidence that these findings could be paralleled here. Figures for extra-marital intercourse by married males are equally striking. Most remarkable of all is the existence at some time in life of overt homosexual experience to the point of orgasm in over a third of the male population.

Kinsey shows conclusively that homosexuality is not a pathological entity—there is an imperceptible gradation from wholly homosexual to wholly heterosexual, and homosexual practices bear no relation to psychological disorder. Most of the frankly homosexual are well-adjusted in spite of social pressure. Sublimation, the diversion of sexual energy into non-sexual fields, he regards as an academic possibility rather than a fact: those who claim it are either persons whose sexual energy is low, or who do not recognise as sexual the outlets in which they engage. Variation in sexual energy is equally striking, and Kinsey remarks, rather sourly, that in a known series of individuals the lower the rate of sexual outlet, the greater the austerities which the subject prescribed for others.

The law regarding sexual conduct in America, as in this country, fails to coincide with the *mores* of any group. Its prohibitions are based on the view that all sexual conduct should be prohibited *per se*, unless it is unavoidable for procreation. This tallies with the view put forward many years ago by Ouspensky that such laws originate not with the ruling class, but with the "infrasex," the section of that class whose sexual energies are least developed. In fact, if the laws now existing were enforced, about 80 per cent. of the male population of America would be in prison. The enforcement of the laws relating to homosexuality alone would involve the segregation of one in three of the male population.

More important are the legal conflicts which arise from differences of social custom in different levels. The college-bred teacher who discovers a child of the lower educational level having sexual experience at the age of 14 is likely either to punish the child or to recommend it as a "care and protection" case, oblivious of the fact that the incidence of such conduct in the group concerned is about 50 per cent. A boy may be arrested by a policeman for doing something which the policeman, at his social level, regards as a perversion, tried by a judge who regards it as normal but is bound by the law to punish, and transferred to the care of remand home governors, psychiatrists, social workers and probation officers, all of whom, regarding his action in terms of their own *mores*, will look upon it differently. Kinsey also stresses the significance of these differences in marriage guidance, when an upper-level doctor recommends the practices of his own group, unaware that they are likely to outrage the customs and feelings of patients drawn from other levels.

It is important, in view of the differences existing within the American population itself, that these figures should not be transferred wholesale to an English population, where they are almost certainly inapplicable; but similar work, guided by Kinsey's experience of methods, is long overdue in this country. While the statistical prevalence of a practice is no guide to its desirability, and while Kinsey studiously avoids moral judgments, the conclusions of such surveys in terms of rational morals are unavoidable. The book is hard to obtain in England, but any intelligent reader who can obtain a copy should do so, and read it without being deterred by the body of figures and tables. Dealing only with males, it is the first of a projected series of nine. Its effect upon the reform of our attitude to sexuality, in medicine, in society, and in personal life, is bound to be far-reaching.

ALEX. COMFORT

*Sexual Behavour in the Human Male. By Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin. (Saunders.)

A PRISON LIBRARY

TWO of the most sought after posts in a prison are those of librarian and assistant librarian. They are not desired from any low motive of financial gain. The librarian receives the princely sum of eightpence a week and his Assistant fourpence-halfpenny. Their popularity is due to the freedom granted within the prison boundaries. The trusted pair are given red armlets. They are free to move about and perform their duties unaccompanied by a prison officer. Their cells remain unlocked throughout the day until "lights out." They can select their own books, and, best of all, their work preserves them from the incredible monotony of prison exercise, recreation and workshop. They are selected because they are deemed trustworthy and not for such a nonsensical reason as a practical knowledge of books.

It may be that there are good prison libraries. One can only write from experience. Picture, if you can, three cells joined together. The walls are lined with wooden shelves. The first cell is devoted to religion. It is all very catholic, very tolerant. Bibles, Prayer Books, and works on theology, Anglican, Roman, Methodist, Jewish, Quaker, Christian Science, Salvation Army, Oxford Group, Swedenborgian and Spiritualist, all nestle together in the same undisturbed dust. Even the Rationalist Press publications do not disdain to mingle in this valley of dead bones.

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The next cell is dedicated to fiction. Soul-stirring fiction. Battle, murder and sudden death. No crime is neglected. Western novels are very popular. It is natural that the solitary inmate of a cell should revel in tough deeds in wide open spaces, but it does seem that crime is a little over prominent. Here and there books by well-known authors peep out shyly. *Eric, or Little by Little* cowers in a corner. No doubt they are ashamed to be found in such desperate company, but their numbers are few. There is no dust in this section, but the battered condition, loose covers, loose pages, lost pages, cocoa stains, cigarette burns and written comments testify to the unspeakable hardships the books undergo through constant use.

The third cell contains the educational books. Here, judging by articles in the press on prison educational facilities, one would expect to find a good collection of informative works. Disillusion is swift. What a hotchpotch! All jumbled together are books on travel, politics, economics, Ancient Britons, navigation. Books on history, anthropology, elementary mathematics, shorthand, gardening, farming and fruit, manuals of seamanship and the psychology of sex. The majority are years out of date. Should a man desire to study navigation, he will receive a work written by Captain Leek in 1907! Here and there some literary classics add to the confusion. An almost complete set of George Meredith stands between a Victorian book on Cookery and Seabrook's works on Fruit Farming. Kenneth Roberts' *North-West Passage* looms large midst works on geography. It is all quite fantastic. A librarian's nightmare. Prisoners are allowed three fiction and one so-called educational book a week. Usually one block of cells is changed a day. The two librarians collect the old issues from each cell and then proceed around again with a large hamper containing a miscellaneous jumble of books, placing a new quota in each cell. No effort whatever is made to cater for individual interests and tastes. Should a man be issued with a book he has already had he leaves it outside his cell door in the afternoon and it is changed in the same haphazard manner. During the changing process the librarian prison officer conducts an unofficial search in the cells in an eager endeavour to discover some poor wretch in possession of unauthorised literature, or the more depraved malefactor who has deliberately damaged a book. No new books were issued to this library from before the war till February this year. The general state of the books was indescribable. The prisoner librarians spent most of their spare time attempting to repair the irreparable. They were also employed rubbing out the obscene drawings and indecent comments pencilled in many books by the prisoners. No psychological knowledge is required to gauge the effect of solitude and idleness on the minds of these men.

The post of librarian officer is filled in much the same way as that of prisoner librarian. No knowledge of books, or even a liking for reading, is required. Hence an intolerable sense of frustration and irritation is set up in the mind of an educated prisoner by some of the books he is issued with and by some of the instructions he receives. To attempt reasoned argument is unwise and may lead through exasperation to the Governor's office and the subsequent loss of a few days' remission of sentence. Should the librarian officer contend that a work on ancient Egypt published in 1857 is of great educational value, it is well to accept it as such. If a book has fifty pages missing in the middle, don't get in a passion. "It has a beginning and it has an ending." In other words, "it is good enough for you."

It is alleged from time to time in the press that there are genuine facilities for study in a prison. It is possible that a man with a long sentence may be able from time to time to obtain a few of the books he desires to study, but that is not the case if he is serving a short sentence of six or twelve months.

The chaplain is supposed to interest himself in the well-being of the library, but his relations with the librarian officer sometimes resemble those between a Socialist President and a Communist Prime Minister. Hopelessly damaged books doomed by the chaplain and removed to the condemned cell, have a curious knack of reappearing for issue on the library shelves. They have been reprieved by the librarian officer.

No daily papers are allowed to prisoners. Monthly and weekly periodicals are permitted provided they appear on the list approved by the Home Office. It is part of the librarian officer's duty to enforce this regulation and all books and papers sent into the prison are censored by him. The Home Office list contains many striking omissions. No American or Colonial periodicals, however excellent, are admitted. The *Times Weekly* caused much searching of heart. It is not on the list. The weekly *Daily Sketch* was definitely taboo. All kinds of periodicals ranging from the weekly *Sketch* to *John Bull* are forbidden. On what principle the list was devised it is impossible to fathom. To make complete nonsense of the regulation a constant stream of the cheapest novelettes dealing with crime and passion are freely sanctioned.

All books and periodicals sent in to prisoners are issued to them one at a time. When they have finished with them they must be given to the library. The prisoners are not allowed to exchange or lend any book. In the library they remain, unused and useless, until someone at last orders their destruction. Once again, as in all the conditions of prison life, the question looms up—"What is the purpose of imprisonment?" If the purpose is retribution, the system could be harsher, but it could not be more demoralising. If it be reformation, the system is a complete fiasco. The prison library, efficiently managed, could and would save many a man from the mental stagnation and moral deterioration which inevitably results from the boredom and degradation of prison life. It is nonsense to argue that prisoners destroy and mutilate the books issued to them. Some, of course, do, but severe punishment would soon put an end to that offence.

In every prison there are a large number of men who sincerely desire to repair their shattered lives. Surely it is in the interests of the community to help them to do so. It does not require much imagination to realise that the provision of a good and well-stocked library would go a long way towards the achievement of this desirable end.

A. J. L.

FRIENDS

The attendant held apart the heavy canvas curtains and a fat man walked through into the bath. He looked about him. This was evidently his first visit. He had the place to himself. Not only were there no other bathers, but there were no wet marks on the tiles, no displacement of the canvas seats around the bath. He must be the first arrival that day, perhaps for many days, for the place had a most unused air about it. The atmosphere, which had a disagreeably acrid smell, was hot and heavy. It did not seem that anything could ever have stirred the thick and torpid vapour that lay over the water. You could not suppose that the glass dome held any echoes of screaming and laughter and youthful splashings. There were no diving boards or shoots to this bath. It was not that kind of bath.

In contrast with the stagnant air the water was alive. It flowed from the far end and overflowed with a gurgle in the corner where the fat man was standing. Its movement was apparent from the sediment it carried. The fat man stooped and lifted out one of the little streaks of grey matter that were drifting towards the overflow pipe. As he crumbled it in his fingers he came to the conclusion that it was a mineral not a vegetable substance. Then he walked along the side of the bath looking at the water. It was greenish and slightly clouded, like Pernod as you are pouring the water in. Sunlight coming through the opaque glass dome played in the moving stream, finding clear places where the Pernod was not yet diluted. Many people, thought the fat man, would be put off by the colour and smell, and by the sediment. He was not put off. He had felt the water and it was as warm as the air. That was the chief thing. He was curious to see where it came from.

At the other end of the bath his curiosity was satisfied. The greater part of the wall of the bath at this end consisted not of smooth concrete but of the jagged and irregular surface of natural rock. Here was the very side of the mountain. From a crevice in the middle of this wall the water gushed powerfully, the force of the hot flow being shown by the copious stream of scum that was projected some yards into the bath, until, as the stream slackened, the several particles of sediment, each like a little piece of string with a knot in it, began to detach themselves, their helpless gyrations became less frantic, they were borne along ever more slowly, some, at the sides of the stream, to be caught in backward eddies that would return them towards the source, others to reach to perhaps three-quarters of the length of the bath, where their motion became so feeble that they were almost stationary when they began to be sucked into the stream that led to the overflow.

The fat man, clad only about his loins in a linen triangle, over which his belly oozed like ripe Camembert, stood gazing at the wall of rock. From what dark and seething caverns, he wondered, and at what depth within the entrails of the earth, was the milky fluid shot up into the light? He was fascinated with watching the jet of water and did not notice that another bather had come in through the curtains. The newcomer did not gaze about him as though this was his first visit. He was evidently an *habitué*. His eye alighted at once on the fat man and a look of disappointment came into his face. He was not alone.

Like the other, he was in early middle age, but in appearance he could not have been more different. He was scraggy and long-legged and, in contrast with the glabrous whiteness of the fat man, his legs and chest were covered with thick black hair. From the top of his head, however, the hair had vanished, leaving a thin greyish half-circle from temple to temple. The fat man still had quite a good covering on his head of brown hair streaked with grey.

The thin man looked resentfully at the back of the fat man, then began to walk slowly towards him. Was it, could it be——? Why, surely——? At that moment the fat man turned round.

"Philip!" said the thin man.

"Why! Roger!"

"Fancy meeting you here! I'm awfully glad to see you."

"And I you! Well, I never!"

"Have you been here long?"

"We only arrived last night. We're staying three weeks. What about you?"

"I'm afraid this is my last day," said the thin man. "What a pity!"

"Oh, what a shame!" said the other.

And both of them in their hearts thought what a good thing. For they were very old friends. They knew each other very well indeed. They knew that they could not bear to see each other for long. Each was to the other like a very good book, which was read at a receptive age and made an enormous impression. There it is, up on our shelves. We do not want to go on reading it. We know it too well. It is a part of ourselves. And if we do take it down and skim through a few pages, we notice only certain tiresome little tricks, little pedantries of style that we had forgotten about. So it stays up there on the shelf. From time to time our eye fixes on its title, we feel loyal, and look away. It is always possible that if we were to read the book through now we should no longer find it as good as we had thought.

In the same way Roger and Philip hardly ever met nowadays. A year might easily go past without their setting eyes on each other. Their social circles, it is true, revolved not far away from one another. At times they cut deep into

each other, but seldom as far as the centres. London is a large place.

Meanwhile, they stood looking each other up and down. It was the first time for many years that Roger had seen Philip's stomach in the nude. Thank God, Philip was saying to himself, I still have my hair and my front teeth. Pundits, each thought, should not be seen without their clothes.

"There don't seem to be many people who use this bath," said Philip.

"There aren't," said Roger. "There is never anyone here. The attendant explained the position to me. Those who have come for the cure almost all pay a supplement and have a private bath. The halt and the maimed apparently are shy about showing themselves in public. So the really ill never come to this place. And of course the well go to the lake."

"My family have gone to bathe in the lake."

"So have mine. They go there every day. They say that bathing in snow water is most invigorating."

The two paterfamiliases gazed down at the water below them.

"What is this like?" said Philip.

"It's lovely," said Roger. "You mustn't mind the sediment. It's quite harmless. And you mustn't mind the smell of sulphur or whatever it is. You get used to it. In fact you get rather to like it. Should we go in?"

Philip, standing on the edge, seemed to be preparing to jump, if not to dive, in.

"I generally go in like this," said Roger, and slithered in feet first. Philip went in the same way.

They had entered the bath about in the middle, where the water was at its deepest. It came up to Philip's chin, his topmost chin, but did not cover Roger's shoulders. The fat man felt its buoyancy at once. Up went his feet and he swam across to the other side. Roger kept beside him, swimming with his hands, but with his feet on the bottom. At the other side they rested. A broad ledge ran round the bath for this purpose, on which the bather could sit comfortably with his head and shoulders, or, in the case of Philip, his head, out of the water.

"It's lovely!" said Philip, ecstatically.

"Isn't it? You must try under water, and keep your eyes open. It doesn't do them any harm. There's a wonderful greenish golden light."

They fell forwards head first and came to the surface in the middle of the bath.

"Try swimming through my legs," said Roger, and stood with his legs apart.

So Philip swam between Roger's legs, then Roger swam between Philip's legs. Then they made for the other side and rested on the ledge.

"I'm going to enjoy this place," said Philip. "But what a pity you're not staying!"

"I know. Isn't it a shame!"

Presently, with a sudden energy, Philip plunged forward splashing with his arms.

"Ha!" he shouted and his voice echoed in the dome. "Ha! Ha!"

"Ha!" shouted Roger, splashing alongside him. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" The attendant peeped through the curtains to see if they wanted anything, and withdrew.

The energy quickly spent itself. The bodies became inert, floating on their backs. Roger's eyes were shut. Philip was gazing up at the bright dome, which was not so opaque but that he could distinguish the whiteness of a cloud floating across the blue. A line of poetry came into his head.

"Et O ces voix d'enfants —" he began.

"— chantants dans la coupole," Roger finished.

Fancy remembering that, they thought. That takes one back. That helps to date us.

At length Roger opened his eyes.

"It's rather fun," he said, "to go and stand against the hot spring at the end there and let it take you along. Come and try."

They ambled through the water to the end of the bath. Philip sat on the ledge at the side and watched Roger, who made his way across the rocky end until he came to the spring. Here, by holding on to an iron ring in the rock he was able to place his body over the dark fissure and receive the full force of the stream without being washed away. He held his stomach against it and then his back. He was battered this way and that by the hot jet. Then he let go and lurched untidily into the bath, a tangle of arms and legs that lengthened itself out into a piece of floating weed, or rather, thought Philip, a dead daddy-long-legs. The straggling object was carried nearly half the length of the bath.

"Now you have a go," said Roger, standing up in the water and moving to the side to watch.

He watched Philip's body caught in the current. It revolved like a log in a stream, at length reaching immobility lying on its front, the arms stretched forward, the legs dangling helplessly. It looked, thought Roger, like a basking frog, becalmed in a pond. Or was it dead? Should he throw something at it? As the thought crossed his mind, it gave a jerk with its legs, and then was still again, the nose just above the water, the eyes shut, a beatific expression on the face as the mind, no doubt, was lost in some batrachian dream of loud and social frolics.

"Delicious," Philip said presently, opening his eyes and wading slowly, pushing one leg at a time, frog-like, to the side. "Let's do that again!"

So they did it again. And again and again. They swam on the water and under the water. They waded, wallowed and floated. They turned leisurely somersaults. It is possible that as they gambolled they remembered other and brisker bathes of long ago. It is certain that the thought came to both of them that of all the holiday resorts in the world they had, unknown to each other, both chosen this town, and that of all the people in this town and in the whole world, they, and they alone, had, separately, found their way this day to this bath. It seemed that they were probably both drifting towards life's overflow at about the same pace, side by side. It would be at about the same time—and any moment now—that they would begin to feel the suction from in front. Friendship never ends.

They were sitting again on the ledge.

"I say, Philip, I am uncommonly glad to see you. I mean it."

"And I you, Roger. It's splendid. Couldn't we have a drink?"

"I was just going to suggest it. There is a speciality of the establishment."

Roger clapped his hands. The attendant appeared.

"*Deux verres de champagne nature, s'il vous plaît—grands verres!*"

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

NOEL BLAKISTON

THE SWAN

To Miss Edith Sitwell, in homage

THE velvet dragon of the iris knows,
The snowy swan which on the water blows,
The leaves that kiss the rippling water-leaves,
The dragon-flies, the beetles, and the shag-legged bees,
The little cherub-airs that steal about the rose,
Each living thing that grows,
It knows, it knows—
But not man knows.

Sweet fragrant dust of lime,
Ah harsh white dust of time!
Bone dust strews all the grasses
And the loving lads and lasses.
They are drooping, they are dying,
In their kisses echoes sighing,
Soon must joy unpin her rose,
Cast aside her golden clothes,
Go the way that no man knows.

The paper swan elegantly resumes the lake,
Sails slant-wise, its neck
Crooked like a woman's white arm
over the water.
The last light covers the leaves
With a curtain of amber dust.
The people like coloured flowers
close up their voices.
Solitary bird-notes pierce the gauze of dusk
A clock chimes in the ripples.

On the battle-field the bone grieves,
One, bone of a young man,
Who in the last gun-flame
Remembered the swan
And the golden leaves
of the sun,
Cries unceasingly:
"Give them back to me. . . .
O where have they gone?
The green-gold leaves, the sunlight,
and the swan. . . ."
But none can answer him.
Neither among the living nor the dead
May his cry be answered.

The maiden, pale as the swan,
On whose golden hair
Time has scattered the dust of grief,
Sits beneath the kissing leaf,
Murmurs brokenly her song:
"My lover's kiss was lusty as the sun,
Tender and dark as the iris his eye,
His arm was a bough to lean upon,
And his touch the dragon-fly—
And now he is gone,
So ends my song."

Yet a day will come
When the rose shall speak,
And the swan shall open its amber beak
To utter "Truth!"
And the plushy bees
Shall emerge from the trees
Heavy with the honey of innocence,
And the dragon-fly's horn
Shall wake everyone,
Including the bone,
To peace.

Then be patient, maiden,
Bowed like the swan,
For bird-notes of joy
Shall crown your song.
When the dust of death
Is blown from the bone,
And the leaves sing happiness,
Then your youth shall arise
To make you his own,
And the virgin swan shall bless.

The people gather themselves up into bunches.
It is time to go home.
The gold is turning cold.
The dragon-fly has ceased its humming,
The purple dragons of night are coming.
The beetle, a green star,
glimmers on the leaf.
It is time to gather up our grief.

Now dust of moon powders
the tinkling leaves,
The rose fades into dark,
Only the swan remains,
becalmed,
Asleep on a lake of stars.

TOM CLARKSON

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

THE microphone, in English studios at any rate, seems to have a fatal effect on Irish writers. No sooner is the red light on than they become positive broths-of-boys. Outside are the English, dull, smug, people for whom Cromwell is merely the name of a road in Kensington, ready, apparently, to applaud any Irishman's version of the comic Irishman. And Mr. James Stephens, Mr. Frank O'Connor and now

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Mr. Denis Johnston play the comic Irishman with gusto. The red light flickers, and out come the blarney, the whimsey, the calculated inconsequential stories, the Irishman's act. So Mr. Johnston ended his Sunday evening talk, *We'll Keep Your Name In Mind*, with the words "I've got to be going now." Perhaps in a few English homes listeners sighed "What originality! What insouciance!" and perhaps in more they were embarrassed. I do not, in other words, believe Mr. Johnston chose the right technique for putting over his plea that our playwrights and film-makers should look at human nature itself for a change and not merely take their ideas of human nature from other men's plays and films. Adequately expressed, it would have been a fitting end to a week in which the B.B.C. devoted more time than usual to the theatre and the film.

Focus on the Theatre gave a balanced picture of the theatre to-day from the points of view of the manager, the lessee, the producer and the actor. But the more interesting part of the programme was the discussion on the condition of the theatre between Miss Fay Compton, Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, Mr. Harold Hobson and Mr. Keith Thomson, the young dramatist who wrote the script. Mr. Thomson pressed his question, How can the young playwright break into the theatre and keep alive while learning his craft, with admirable persistence. An answer was perhaps not to be expected; but it did seem to be thought new dramatists might not be a bad thing.

Miss Catherine de la Roche's Third Programme talk on the work of Carol Reed as film director was a valuable piece of criticism; but what can one say of Mr. Baker-Smith's programmes on film-production in the feature series *Techniques?* Mr. Baker-Smith's experts were members of the Ealing Studios film unit. What they said was illuminating—when they were allowed to say it without frills; but too often they were made to act. That they were poor actors is no criticism of them, but it is of the programme. Then Mr. Baker-Smith used the technique of the enquiring layman, notorious in radio features as the Common Man, a fellow of quite appalling ignorance on every conceivable subject and only bearable as Frisby Dyke in *Itma*. Mr. Baker-Smith's enquiring layman was, it may be admitted, slightly different from the usual Common Man: he broke into conferences at Ealing Studios with the engaging introduction, "I'm the man from the Third Programme"; he sounded Common all the same. One was left thinking how much better the script-writers of Schools Broadcasts would have done this programme; they would have taken the listener's ignorance for granted, assumed in him some degree of intelligence and not insulted him with phoney little devices to indicate passage of time and change of scene. The result would have been better radio.

Mr. Henry Treece's *The Dark Island* was not for me the most ingratiating example of poetic radio drama. It was called "a dramatic poem": this enabled the author to use no less than three narrators and so save himself the bother of dramatising large sections of his action. But more seriously at fault was the quality of Mr. Treece's verse. He is a poet who prefers to make six words do the work of one, and his vocabulary is soggy with the dregs of the Celtic revival of the Nineties, with skulls, bones and rats. The ancient Britons who were his characters drank of "The bottomless black chalice of despair." In the circumstances the sharp images, the visual clarity without which radio drama is nothing, were not to be expected.

WILLIAM SALTER.

THE THEATRE

"The Lady Asks for Help," at the Garrick

The more obvious way of treating Mr. James Parish's play would be simply to describe it as the stage equivalent of the illustrations to a story in some Women's paper, and to note that on that level it is effectively contrived though written in a curiously indiscriminate mixture of styles. But some quality in the inner core of the piece persuades me to risk being offensive to the author by taking him seriously. This he does his worst to obviate. The curtain rises, for instance, on the twin beds in a stock-broker's bedroom, the wife in bed and indulging in playful badinage with her husband while he undresses, and there is more than a wince or two at the quality of their word play. "Are you coming in with me?" answered by "But it isn't Saturday, is it?" seems to promise the depths, and indeed the depths are all about us. One more example. There is a butler who in his one little scene is shown solving the crossword puzzle where his betters fail. Yet beneath this surface, facetious and wholly false, Mr. Parish somehow succeeds in deploying a drama of quite serious pretensions. Harry Graham, the stock-broker, goes round to stop the mouth of a gentleman who is boasting his conquest of his wife. In the course of argument he accidentally kills this fellow. What shall he do now? Give himself up? Or hope to get away with it, as he easily might? He and his wife decide on the second course, thinking not only of themselves but also of their son who has just got engaged. They anxiously wait for the news to break in the papers and discover to their relief that the police are looking for a man who does not answer at all to his description; but the relief quickly turns sour when they find that a friend of theirs has been arrested on evidence that looks very damning.

Not only does the author make the situation plausible, but he squarely faces the real interest of it, not what has happened, but how, when it has happened, should they behave. This, if he had had a little more trust in his own gifts and in the audience's intelligence, would have made a good play with a real moral interest. Unfortunately the characters themselves are largely derived from other plays and so are all the decorations and trappings and the lines that go with them. I shall look forward to seeing what Mr. Parish does when he trusts his own talent.

Miss Barbara Cooper and Mr. William Kendall carried off the main parts with good timing and a certain charm.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"L'Homme Au Chapeau Rond," at the Academy

The Eternal Husband is among the lesser of Dostoevsky's novels: smaller in extent and theme, neat, clinching, almost witty in treatment. Most emphatically I would recommend this short novel to anyone who wishes to escape the pressure of his four great masterpieces, while still keeping within the Dostoevskian influence. Whether to recommend this film version, *L'Homme au Chapeau Rond*, I am not quite so sure; certainly not on the same grounds. For here again is conventional Dostoevskian gloom: why, since the book has, comparatively, a light touch? And why the new title, when the old could not be improved? Because, I suspect, Raimu was to play the part, and Raimu must have a round hat and carry a gamp. This apparel may or may not have featured in the original; I don't remember; if it did, it was unimportant; nothing so trivial, so flatly characteristic, could have obtruded itself on Dostoevsky for long.

So the tale must move among thick pictorial shadows, and move slowly: such lightness as there may be is provided by Raimu, agreeable even when disagreeable. This is very different from the easy pathos of *La Fille du Puisatier;* Dostoevsky's father is an ordinary man, a man with a family and a heart, but also with the capability, when his happiness has been uprooted, of subtle and demonic perversities. How far does Raimu fulfil this difficult part? Well, go and see. You won't, I think, be disappointed, though you may feel he is a little off his beat.

One situation, one duel of conscience, is here involved between a widower and his dead wife's lover. As in *Crime and Punishment*, the avenger (in the shape of the husband) begins to haunt the sinner's house, to

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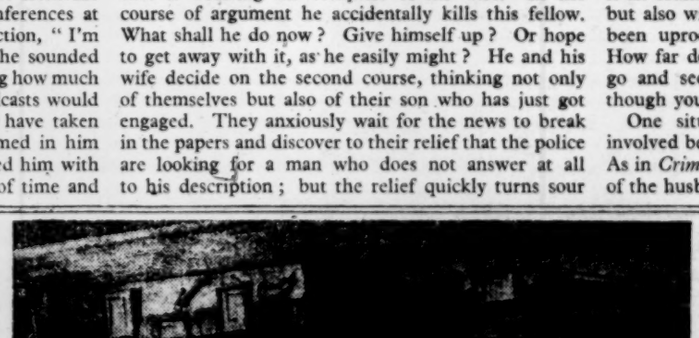

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insinuate himself, to grapple the other's thoughts to his, to prompt and yet hold off confession: this fascination of the need for wrong-doing and the subsequent need for confession runs through all Dostoevsky. It is ironically developed here. The way in which this commonplace broken man, who has taken to drink and whoring, stings the other's memory into action, plays with him, goads, and in the end just fails to murder him, is elaborated brilliantly. A wounding stroke is introduced almost at once: there is a daughter, a child aged six, and it is at once plain to both men (though neither admits it) that the lover is the father. The drunkard's behaviour to this child has become a scandal; he compels her love by cruelties and even by pretending to hang himself. (This scene, so painful when visually compelled upon us, is made bearable by Raimu.) He sends her away or rather forces others to take her away, and she dies of grief. The scenes in which he is dragged out from a *bolte*, taken to the house, given a drink or two, and sits on the stairs prevaricating till word comes that the child is dead, contain the abasement to which almost every Dostoevsky character must submit him or herself, and is beautifully acted by Raimu into the bargain. On this dubious basis of a past in common and of shared guilts, the eternal husband and the parasite become friends who quarrel, embrace, and pester one another. This underlying attraction the film misses almost completely. The fact that, despite everything, we sympathise with the "eternal husband" is still due, however, less to Raimu than to Dostoevsky, and the words in the final scene, "I have suffered terribly, and men who have suffered so can behave terribly"—this at the moment when he means to kill his life's destroyer—have the effect both of moving us to pity and of introducing the anti-climax. Because then, razor in hand, and with the victim ill and sitting back to him in a chair, he fumbles and fails. *The Eternal Husband* says the last word on its subject with irony; *L'Homme au Chapeau Rond* seizes the drama with avidity but muffles both irony and feeling.

It is a fair piece of film-making, and Raimu's last. We may look forward, by the way—those of us who enjoy Dostoevsky—to two major delights: a French version of *The Idiot* and an Italian version of *The Brothers Karamazov*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE BALLET

"Markova and Dolin," at Covent Garden
"A New Ballet," at the Scala

In opening the exhibition of lithographs of famous classical dancers at the Arts Gallery, 20 Brook Street, Dolin emphasised the importance of their example to ballet dancers to-day. The presence of Markova, as guest dancer with Dolin in the Sadler's Wells Ballet, offers a living model. It is not only her exquisite lightness, but still more, an indefinable quality of classical refinement which makes Markova unique; a quality also of remoteness from action, of which "coldness" certainly gives a wrong impression. Even when involved in passionate action, as in the first act of *Giselle*, she remains remote, and strangely still, as if the shadow of her fate were already *within* her; and in Act II the spiritual being incarnate in Giselle's risen body refines every contact, yet dominates the stage by its beauty. Her movement always suggests an extraordinary stillness; how deliberately she dances, and as if occupied with her own inner vision. There are many lessons to be learnt from Markova. Dolin partners her superbly; his fine style and fidelity to detail are most impressive. He has certainly gained in fulness as a dancer. His miming in *Giselle* was fine, and his last big dance and fall very moving. His performance of Satan in *Job*, though certainly not superior to Helpmann's technically, has a quality of mystery which I think Helpmann's lacks. His evil is somehow still related to the Heaven from which he fell. It would be interesting to try and analyse by what means this is conveyed.

The Metropolitan Ballet has produced a new ballet by Frank Staff, which I much prefer to his more pretentious but empty *Lovers' Gallery*. He has evaded some problems of choreography by presenting his theme in a series of solos and duets. The theme of *Fanciulla delle Rose* is drawn from a Russian carol set to music by Tchaikovsky and arranged for string orchestra by Arensky. A maiden dancing with a wreath of roses, in a Gothic church, before an image of the Madonna, is assailed, one by one, by the Seven Deadly Sins, each dancing in the style of his own individual sin and forcing her to dance too. Gradually her wreath is despoiled of its roses, but not the maiden of her virginity, so that she can still offer it, with its roses restored, to the Virgin. The dances are full of delightful invention and admirably characterised. They were very well danced by Eric Hyrst, Paul Hammond, Aart Verstegen, Frank Staff, David Adams, Paul Gnatt and Stanley Hall. Beriosova was beautiful as the maiden. Guy Sheppard has indicated the church by three slender Gothic arches across the front of the stage. The sombre variations of colour in the tights of the male dancers were most effective.

BERYL DE ZOETE

BEHIND THE GREEK RESTAURANT

The Cypriot woman, as she closed her dress,
Smiled at the baby on her broad-lapped knee,
Beautiful in a calm voluptuousness
Like a slow sea.

FRANCES CORNFORD

Correspondence

FORCED LABOUR IN RUSSIA

SIR,—Although Mr. Dallin says, in the course of his omniscient work, that foreign correspondents in Moscow know absolutely nothing about the doings of the N.K.V.D., and about forced labour in Russia, allow me, after seven years in the Soviet Union, to say what I know, and what I think of the whole problem. It seems to me that three principles are involved here: the Soviet conception of security; the economic value of forced labour; and human rights. From the very outset I should like to say that both Mr. Dallin and Mr. Crankshaw have got hold of the wrong end—the economic end—of the stick; I mean the idea that "slave labour" in Russia is a vital, nay, a desired and indispensable part of the Soviet economic system, and that, without the N.K.V.D.'s great economic contribution to the Five Year Plan, this plan will go to pieces.

I have just read Dallin's book, and its figures and generalisations make it really, in my opinion, one of the most cockeyed books I have ever read. "Hundreds of thousands and millions perish in them" (the camps) (Dallin).

"Soviet camps have . . . exacted more victims than all the other camps—Hitler's and others—put together" (Margolin, quoted by Dallin as documentary evidence).

How this mass slaughter is combined with immense economic value Mr. Dallin does not explain, except that Russia is, presumably, so rich in men that she can well afford to kill off about 500,000 able-bodied men a year in her gold-mining alone—a total of 5 million in ten years, not to mention the "thousands" of other camps.

Now Dallin himself admits that in 1940 there were only 47 million adult males in the Soviet Union. If, then, 12 millions of these (one of Dallin's figures) were in camps, this leaves us with only 35 million men. Considering that at least 20 million men were mobilised into the armed forces towards the middle of the war, we are left with only 15 million adult males for the whole of industry, agriculture, transport, public services, State and local administration, N.K.V.D. and everything else!

Mr. Dallin apparently suspects that something went wrong with his figures, so to save his face he suddenly brings Kravchenko to the rescue—"War industry rested chiefly on slave labour." (This comes almost on top of Dallin's own statement that "heavy mortality and conscriptions into the Red Army considerably depleted, in 1942–43, the forced labour population.")

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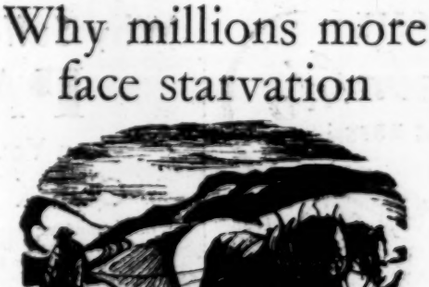

In his 1947 FAO report to the United Nations, Sir John Boyd Orr warned the world that "during the coming year, many in Europe and Asia will die from the direct or indirect effects of food shortage." Production methods of the majority of the world's farmers today have not kept pace with the mechanisation of industry. They are still trying to cultivate the land with implements that *trail* behind animals or vehicles.

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I was really disappointed not to see Mr. Dallin go just one step farther and tell us that the N.K.V.D. itself is 90 per cent composed of slave labour. So it was really the half-dead chain gangs of the slave camps who helped to win the battle of Stalingrad, just as, according to Dallin, it was they who built the Stalingrad factories during the first Five Year Plan!

In short, Mr. Dallin would have us believe that the Soviet Union which, by the end of the war, had (if we accept his figures) a *free* adult male population (army included) not much greater than that of France and Benelux, still managed to smash the German army, produce a stupendous amount of armaments, and is now preparing to invade the United States and to carry off Mr. Dallin to one of its "untold thousands" of slave camps. I could quote dozens of other fantastic absurdities from Mr. Dallin's book; but I have probably explained sufficiently clearly why I think Dallin's book absurd. War industries run by slaves, war fought by slaves. What next?

But let me now get to my main point—that the whole basis of the N.K.V.D.'s activity is *State security, and not economic exploitation.* How did it all start? There was in the 20's and 30's a great class struggle, combined with a great political struggle. As a result, the G.P.U. or N.K.V.D. had a large number of kulaks on its hands, and then a very large number of victims of the Yagoda-Yezhov purges. (Regarding the kulaks, we again enter the realm of lunatic statistics: thus Dallin says that in 1932–33 as many as 8 million people may have died of the famine in the Ukraine, then that there were nearly 6 million kulaks who, he suggests, were all deported. Since about half of these were in the Ukraine, we find that about one-third of the Ukraine's population just vanished from the country in the space of two or three years! However, let that pass.) True, a large number of kulaks, and later of "purgees," were sent to timber camps and other "corrective labour camps," though it is also true that a large proportion of kulaks were simply resettled on the land out East. Similarly a large number of "purgees" of the 1937–38 period were made to form part of the new urban population in the new Eastern towns. (I personally know of many such cases.) That many of those unfortunates who were sent to camps died in the course of years I know to be true, as everybody else in Russia does. But why talk of *millions* of dead?

The '37–38 purge did not run into millions; and one has to use some common sense, surely, in speaking of the *scale* of the operation. Whom did it affect? Not the peasantry, nor the bulk of the working class; it affected the bureaucracy, especially in the larger cities, the politically very active, some intellectuals and a part of the officer corps. It was a case of smashing the Opposition in the midst of an extremely dangerous international situation. Everybody knows that not only suspects, but even mere "possibles," were picked up by the N.K.V.D. It was a sort of monstrously inflated 18B operation on the eve of an imminent war. That it was done with a fantastic lack of discrimination everybody knows, and was finally even recognised by the Government, which proceeded to release a large number of prisoners. It will, of course, be objected that I quote no figures. I have none, no more than Dallin has; and *there*, undoubtedly, is one of the immense errors of the Soviet system; everything about the N.K.V.D. is so hush-hush that it has become the ace of trumps in the hands of any anti-Soviet propagandist.

Only a few irrefutable deductions are still possible. Let me make these: Dallin clearly suggests, or his "facts" suggest, that practically all the "millions" deported in the 20's and 30's must by now be dead. Therefore we must, as it were, base our theorising mostly on the present "slave labour," on the "new contingents" of slaves brought to the camps since 1941. I shall deal with this in a moment.

Dallin then goes out of his way to demolish what he calls the "legend" of the Soviet people's solidarity with the government during the war. He fails to make out any case at all. Is it conceivable that if there were 12 or 15 million slaves in Russi (equal, on Dallins reckoning, to the whole adult male civilian population in wartime)—which would mean that practically every family in Russia had a bitter grievance against the Government—is it conceivable that the Russian people would have fought and worked, with all the devotion, loyalty and patriotism with which they did? Would they not have regarded the war as a God-sent opportunity to overthrow the Soviet regime? And this applies in an almost equal measure to the Ukrainians, whose war record is outstandingly good.

Let us then assume, on the basis of Dallin's book, that nearly all the pre-war slaves are dead or at any rate useless after 10 or 20 years in camps. He enumerates the new sources of supply. First, enemy war prisoners. This is not a pretty story. The death-rate among these was unquestionably high, especially among the Italians. But the surviving satellite war prisoners have practically all been returned by now. Germans one sees all over the place still, working on house repairs in Moscow, mending roads, and now usually in a fair state of physical fitness. The evidence Dallin produces of some vast economic schemes run by war prisoners is very flimsy. Then there are the Crimean Tartars, the Chechens and other small Caucasian nationalities who collaborated with the Germans. I was in the Caucasus in 1946 and know something about it. They, like the Volga Germans, were packed off to the East, where the great majority of them, as Dallin (for once) rightly says, were re-settled on the land. That it was all ruthlessly done, and that some died of cold while being transported at the height of winter to Siberia, was widely believed in the Caucasus; also that the more obstreperous among them were locked up in camps. An anti-Soviet Swedish publication puts the number of Balts deported at 133,000; characteristically, Dallin prefers to give a "round figure" of 200,000. On what basis? Just none. That there were very many pro-Nazis in the Baltic States in 1940 is not in doubt, and the clean-up in Lithuania a week before the German invasion of that frontier province of the U.S.S.R. does not, I confess, make my blood boil so much as it does Mr. Dallin's. We would have done, in a more gentlemanly manner, the same in 1940 if faced with a similar problem. Dallin's 200,000 deportees from Bessarabia in 1940—almost entirely a peasant country—strikes me as particularly silly. If there were more than 5,000 or 10,000 I'd be most surprised. What, then, forms the present reservoir of "forced labour"? Hardly any "political" Russians, very few Ukrainians, except in the far West, where a bit of a guerrilla war is still going on with the "Bandera nationalists"; perhaps a few more Balts, certainly many thousands of common offenders who were caught especially during the crime wave of 1945–47. Also a few—but very few—people who have been hobnobbing too much with British and Americans in Moscow—perhaps a dozen or two. All these people have been picked up either because they are common criminals, or for "security" reasons. Some, but by no means all, of the Vlassovites have been put behind barbed wire, but only a small fraction of the other ex-soldiers who had been captured by the Germans—not *all*, as Dallin says. All these people who are likely to be used as "forced labour" in its various forms, might (apart from the remaining German prisoners) conceivably amount, for the whole of the Soviet Union, with its 200,000,000 people, to 1½ or 2 million. These are the products of an exceptional post-war clean-up, not of a chronic and continuous large-scale process. To say that they are a great economic asset, an "organic part" of the economic system, is nonsense. *They would produce far better work if they were free and respectable citizens.* The war prisoners have, from all I know, been "a nuisance, hardly worth their keep," despite material incentives, and the rebel Balts and wild Chechens would clearly be little better. With high industrial targets before them, are the Soviets to turn good workers into very unproductive prison labour unless there are "security" reasons for doing so? The Soviet State is, of course, acutely security-

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minded, but on the other hand there is practically no disaffection towards the regime, except in a few of the numerically small "new territories."

Then who is to replace Dallin's "millions of dead" in the Far North and North-East, apart from some drawn from my 1½ or 2 million convicts? It is surely common knowledge that the papers have, since the war (as they already did before the war) published numerous advertisements calling on the young "with an adventurous spirit" to work in outlying areas. During the war, at Murmansk, I met many such volunteers; they received far higher pay and much better rations than they would have received in central Russia at the time. While I am unable to refute the accuracy of Dallin's list of camps (any more than he is able to prove it), I have at least been to two of the slave centres he mentions.—Nalchik in the Caucasus, which swarmed with holiday-makers and with no sign of any chain gangs (of course I may have overlooked them); and Murmansk, whose harbour, according to Dallin, is operated by slave labour. Actually I found that the dockers at Murmansk were the burliest, healthiest, best-fed people in the whole (at that time badly underfed) town. They were not slaves at all.

As for the question of human rights—that is quite another matter. We have no quarrel about the principle, only about numbers. Like most foreigners, I have had some Russian friends "picked up," and, even if they had not been, I still could not agree more than I do with those who deplore the whole system of administrative arrests, the "3 a.m. knock on the door," and the secrecy surrounding the whole wretched business. But I cannot subscribe to the cockeyed figures of Mr. Dallin, or to the irresponsible applause given them by Mr. Crankshaw.

ALEXANDER WERTH

SIR,—We have followed, with close attention, the discussion on Dr. Dallin's book.

As we are responsible for one of Dr. Dallin's main sources of information, viz. *La Justice Sovietique*, we should like to clear up some points, especially those discussed by Mr. Rothstein.

The only misleading information we have found in Dr. Dallin's book and repeated, no doubt in good faith, by Mr. Rothstein, is that referring to our book as "a collective work" written by "a group of Polish officers." In fact it is an indivisible work, and the "group" consists of two persons only: the undersigned, no matter how many pretend to be their partners. We stress this point to give justice to Mr. Rothstein who accuses Mr. Crankshaw of taking "refuge in the stories by certain (not 'countless') Polish officers. . ." who "have lost their class privileges."

Disgusting (to Mr. Rothstein) as it may be, we have not lost what he calls "class privileges," and after having returned to civil life are again doing the same job as before the war.

Although Mr. Crankshaw had written of "countless Poles" and no word "officers" was mentioned, let us accept Mr. Rothstein's view that the book is the work of "certain Polish officers"—we were such during the war. Nevertheless the basis of our book has been the formal written testimony of over 12,000 Polish, Ukrainian, Jewish, Lithuanian and even Russian one-time Soviet prisoners, mainly wage-earners and peasants, the bulk of Polish officers who had been in Russia having found their death in the forest of Katyn.

We claim the responsibility for the "trick" in calculation of the total of inmates in camps. We wonder, however, whose trick is better, ours or Mr. Rothstein's, who "in the twinkling of an eye" has abolished the whole laborious structure of the GULAG, namely: single camps (lagpunkts), regions (otdielenyes), and clusters (I.T.L. or LAGs, such as Karlag, Oneglag, etc.). Our calculation is based not so much on our as on Soviet inventions in this respect. Their detailed description may be found on pages 115-127 of our book.

Mr. Rothstein is right in saying that "one of the letter-heads reproduced" in Dr. Dallin's book (page 78) is that "of the Magadan *office* of the North-Eastern (Dalstroy)" camps. We would add to this statement that almost *all* of the letter-heads in question are those of the *offices* of the camps. He also is right in stressing that "another facsimile on the same page, referring to the Lower Amur camp, is wrongly translated 'camp' by Dallin." We cannot do anything but give justice to Mr. Rothstein as far as the knowledge of Russian is concerned. But, we think, he would know better the actual meaning of singular and plural forms of those "offices" and "camps" if he studied them on the spot, not necessarily in Magadan, although, we admit, it is not so easy a task as denying facts to the people who have experienced them.

London. S. MORA and P. ZWIERNIAK

SIR,—In his review of Mr. Dallin's book "Forced Labour, etc." Mr. Anthony West refers to the author's assertion, that 150,000 internees are held at the Karaganda Camp.

I have been in this camp (99/22 Spassk-Karaganda) from 1942-47 together with the Spaniards in question. The highest number of internees—during the years 1944 and 1945—was about twelve hundred. When I left the camp in January 1947, no more than two hundred internees remained.

Out of the 22 sections of the camp, 21 are reserved for German and Japanese prisoners of war. Only the 22nd section is a special camp for internees (the Central Camp for Internees in the U.S.S.R.).

In the light of these facts Mr. Dallin's assertion appears as an obvious distortion of the truth.

IX, Pasteurgasse 2, Vienna. GEORG RAYCHINGER

THE MIDDLE CLASSES

SIR,—Mr. Maurice Edelman's article in your issue of 12th June was long overdue and its substance must have won the applause of all your "useful middle class" readers. But Mr. Edelman does not appear to understand the most important preliminary to ensuring Socialist solidarity, i.e., the establishment of unequivocal terminology. A rose by any other name does *not* smell as sweet, and it is extraordinary that members of the Party which aims at a classless society should continue to use outdated class terms, especially when these have lost their original significance and have therefore become exceedingly confusing. I do not know whether the term "middle class" still has any snob value; but economically it has none, since many artisans are now as well-to-do as the majority of professional men.

I am a scientific worker with a salary around £1,000 per annum, and am therefore presumably labelled "middle class." I am also a Socialist, and am unable to detect any essential difference between myself and those intelligent "working class" men whose friendship I enjoy. Therefore I resent our being filed in different pigeon-holes. Surely their "social and economic interest" is the same as mine? To suggest that workers at different wage-levels have not the same social and economic interests seems to be the negation of Socialism.

Would not the correct Party tactics be to emphasise similarities rather than differences, and to avoid all such ridiculous terms as "middle class," "black-coated workers," etc.?

I sometimes wonder whether Party leaders realise what a great and increasing number of workers in my category are firmly attached to the cause of Socialism, and what their potential value is to the Party. Will they please understand that we derive no gratification from being ticketed "middle class," though we are glad to be rather belatedly recognised as "useful"?

Charter House, Lion Gate Gardens, Richmond, Surrey. H. A. DADE

NAIL BITING

SIR,—Mr. John Wellby writes that certain psychiatric clinics in London base their fees on income, or offer treatment free of charge. This would suggest that qualified psychiatric treatment is within reach of

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The Forty-ninth Ordinary General Meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., was held in London on Thursday, June 10th, 1948, Sir J. George Beharrell, D.S.O. (the Chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from the Chairman's statement, which had been circulated with the report and accounts for the year ended December 31st, 1947.

GENERAL REVIEW.

I have reviewed the results of the year and feel that it is desirable, particularly at this time, to give pertinent facts of the Group's position and progress. For this purpose I refer to the figures of the past ten years.

The total funds accruing to the Group from Profits and Depreciation Provisions, after deducting Taxation and Dividends distributed, amounted in the ten years to £21¼ million—this representing the profits which have been ploughed back into the business. In addition £5 million was subscribed by the public for Shares and Debentures issued by Overseas Subsidiary Companies and the recent Debenture issue of the Parent Company. In total therefore £26¼ million additional funds have accrued during the past ten years and have been invested by your Board as follows. We have expended £15½ million on new Buildings, Plant and other Fixed Assets and £11¼ million on Working Capital, represented by increased Inventories, Debtors and Bank, etc., balances. As a result of this financial policy the total capital from all sources now employed by the Dunlop Group amounts to £59½ million—as shown by the total of the Consolidated Balance Sheet.

In 1937 the Consolidated Sales of the Group (including supplies and services within the Group) amounted to £40 million. In 1947 this total increased to £102 million. 45 per cent. of this turnover is derived from sales in the United Kingdom and 55 per cent. from sales in Overseas territories. You will appreciate that with a volume of this magnitude, covering a wide range of products in a great number of countries, it is vitally necessary for the Group to maintain adequate financial reserves to meet the many contingencies and risks involved. I need only mention the effect on profits of changes in the world market prices of rubber and cotton, which represents such a large percentage of our total factory cost.

In 1937 the Consolidated Net Profit before charging Taxation and Interest was £2,558,000, and in 1947 the comparable figure was £7,058,000. It is also interesting to note that after deducting Taxation these figures were reduced to £1,699,000 and £3,217,000 respectively; an increase from 34 per cent. to 54 per cent. in Taxation on Profits at home and abroad.

The Net Profit of the Group in 1937, after deducting all charges and Taxation, was 4.9 per cent. of sales (excluding supplies and services within the Group). The comparable figure for 1947 is 3.9 per cent.

The important features which I have outlined in these comparative figures for the past ten years clearly demonstrate the result of the policies pursued by your Board and of the efforts by Dunlop managements and workers throughout the organisation.

These remarks are confined to the Consolidated Accounts; the Accounts of the Parent Company are adequately explained in the Directors' Report.

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any maladjusted person seeking it. This is a misleading contention as any brief glance at the facts will show.

There are, to the best of my knowledge, three institutions offering cheap psychiatric aid in the London area, the Maudsley Hospital, the Tavistock Clinic and the Institute of Psycho-analysis. All of their activities are strictly circumscribed by the exigencies of man-power and the lengthy nature of the treatment. The average duration of a full analysis amounts to anything between 2-3 years during which the patient is required to see his doctor virtually every day of the week (Saturday and Sunday excluded) for sessions of about one hour. It is generally estimated that one analyst can work concurrently on about ten cases. The Maudsley Hospital, for instance, has only two full-time analysts. The enormous and continuous amount of individual attention required plus the exceedingly slow turn-over of patients make it possible for only a very few people to be treated. The result is that every one of the above-cited institutions has waiting lists for years ahead, so that it is almost a hopeless beginning for anyone in acute need of help to turn to them.

Turning to private psychiatric treatment, Mrs. Robertson's account is not a bit exaggerated. In fact, only a little elementary arithmetic is needed to realise this. Some ten patients have to support an analyst's standard of living. It is not surprising then to learn, that the average, annual treatment fee is in the region of three hundred guineas, whilst the payment for single or sporadic consultations—hardly ever of any therapeutical effect—may amount to anything between 2-5 guineas. Finally, it should be noted that the new National Health Act which comes into force on July 5th does nothing to improve a deplorable situation.

I am open to enlightenment. And I would be only too happy for personal reasons if Mr. Wellby or anyone else could refute my statements.

78 Blenheim Crescent, SAM RIEMER
London, W.11.

LATIN AMERICA

SIR,—I was interested in Mr. Norris Willatt's article on *Latin America and The Communists* in your issue of June 5, but I think he has made certain errors of appreciation.

Mr. Willatt seems to disregard the almost entire reversal of Aprista policy that has taken place since about 1943, although this reversal was always implicit in Haya de la Torre's ideas and position. Haya to-day has almost dropped the "Indo-America" idea, although, certainly, the Partido del Pueblo draws a good deal of strength from the Andean Indians. But "Indo-America" would not appeal to the parties Mr. Willatt mentions in Cuba (where there are no Indians), Venezuela (where the remaining Indians are mostly organised by the big landowners or by the Communists) and Guatemala (where the Mayas and Quiches are, so far as they are a political force at all, still devoted to the exiled remains of the Ubico and Ponce machines).

It is surely unrealistic to lump in *mestizos* with Indians. Even in Mexico, where, under Cardenas, "the Indian was always right even when he was wrong," there is a strong class, if not racial, distinction between *mestizo* and Indian. Mostly, the *mestizo* or *ladino* hates and despises the Indian from whom he is descended. The original *mestizo*, like the mulatto, nearly always had a White father, "coloured" mother.

Far more important than the problem of the Indian, which is, after all, mainly economic in countries where racial prejudice has not hardened into Jim Crow, is the question of imperialism. Here, Apra has made its most surprising reversal. The debates on the Sechura oil concession gave the first indication. Haya's own speeches, especially at Bogotá and Guatemala City in the spring of 1947, advocated alliance with the United States, war against the U.S.S.R. Another change is the presence of wealthy Catholic lawyers in the Apra executive

As for Apra democracy, there have been no internal congresses or elections for years. Haya is called and calls himself El Jefe Supremo. Undoubtedly the Communists have lost some ground in Peru to Apra, but certainly Apra does not control anything like 90 per cent. of the unions there. The Lima Congress was a complete flop—even Morones of Mexico, no saint, walked out of it. It is absurd to say that the Peruvian Communist Party has "now" joined with the Conservatives and Catholics against de la Torre. If you look at the Communist literature from Mariategui on, you will see that the Communists have been warning that Apra was in danger of becoming a sort of Latin-American Kuomintang for at least 12 years.

The whole Communist question in Latin America is very difficult to assess without first-hand knowledge, because the State Department, the Catholic Church and even some over-enthusiastic Communist sympathisers tend to ascribe to the Communists any kind of labour revolt against intolerable conditions. On the other hand, it is essential to realise that while living conditions throughout the sub-continent are below Ruhr standard, Marxism is the normal mode of thought among labour leaders, and has been for years. Neither the C.I.O. nor the A.F. of L. have evolved any labour philosophy for themselves, let alone anything of universal appeal or validity. Liberalism can flourish only among intellectuals with jobs in the diplomatic services (the method of keeping poets alive) because there is no margin of capitalist tolerance in non-industrial societies.

Most of the really creative intellectuals are Marxists of some kind. I may mention Pablo Neruda, Nicolas Guillen, Juan Marinello, Luis Prestes, Ghioldi, David Alfaro Siqueiros, Portinari, while Diego Rivera and Romulo Gallegos have been Marxists at times. Haya de la Torre himself made the pilgrimage to Moscow.

The whole article begs the question in its conclusion. If the "nationalist" movements cannot survive without U.S. dollars, how can they be "nationalist"? And if these dollars are to come, as before 1941, from American private enterprise, experience shows that inevitably the American banks, oil companies, copper companies and airlines will not invest without control over their investments, either through the Embassies or indirectly through graft.

On the other hand, the danger of a type of Feudalism, rather than Fascism, is under-estimated. It is unrealistic to take Tacho Somoza as a type of Fascist. Tacho is simply a rather clever, U.S. Marine-trained autocrat of the old style, as Ubico was in Guatemala or Carias is in Honduras. But the "anti-Communist" forces dreamed up by the State Department and given leadership by the parish priests might well attract masses, as the Synarchists once did in Mexico. Since this would happen if industrialisation failed, the real rulers would emerge once more—the big feudal landowners and the foreign companies. Whether they would hire the "Liberal" parties as stooges or simply brand them too as Communists would probably depend on local conditions. But it is rather idle nowadays to brandish names like Perón, Vargas, Hava, Somoza. Even Argentina is run by powers with the fine old Castillian names Armour, Swift, Anglo, Cudahy. FRANK JELLINEK

R.L.S. AND GAS

SIR,—In your issue of March 13th you pillory R. L. Stevenson's *Plea for Gas Lamps*, in which he attacked electricity and lighting by electricity. I am old enough (81 now) to remember the first electric light, and I can testify that Stevenson's description of it was vivid and accurate. *Plea for Gas Lamps* was published in the *London* of April 27th, 1878. Now in 1878 or '79 I saw the first electric light in Glasgow, at the entrance to the Queen Street Station, and it was everything that Stevenson called it. "Jablockoff's Candles" were two rods of gas carbon carrying a high current of electricity. Between these points leapt "the arc," giving a blinding glare varying from a ghastly blue to a dull red. Frequently it went black. That was the only electric light when Stevenson wrote his essay. THOS. TODD

Gisborne, New Zealand.

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FABER AND FABER

BOOKS IN GENERAL

To every man his Hamlet. Señor Madariaga's* is a princeling of the world, ambitious, intelligent, vain, egocentric, thwarted. Such we may suppose, in a more amiable light, to be the qualities of Señor Madariaga himself, since they do not noticeably shine from the original. How wrong he is on all the points that matter, how definitely, squarely wrong! He frowns, admires, admonishes. He pays the very closest attention to *l'affaire Hamlet*: Dreyfus or Stavisky couldn't engross him more. His mistakes and condescensions (as they may seem to us) come nearly all from that outsider's point of view on which this writer justly prides himself: he treads, and would like to see others tread, a "royal road of sense."

One cannot help enjoying a book so full of confidence, of generalizations about Spaniard and Englishman, civilized living, detachment, good humour, the rule-of-thumb, and so on. Not only does all this make for very agreeable reading, but in such an atmosphere tragedy itself—though Señor Madariaga respects it—becomes a breach of manners. Soon, remarkably soon (page 13), the problem of Hamlet, if ever there was one, has become "crystal clear": he was a callous egotist. Hamlet might understand others but not sympathize with them, only acted when events pricked his egotism, could never of course love, and had been beautifully out-foxed by his uncle. The better man wins. "All action—even crime—requires freedom from egotism." This should make the devotee of good sense scratch his head, since hitherto he may have believed that every famous criminal from Napoleon to Al Capone, Bluebeard to Nero, has shown himself a monster of egotism. But spectacular assertions, introduced by a "one thing is certain" or "we know where we stand," come thicker as we advance along the road. Was Hamlet mad? Oh dear me no, exclaims Señor Madariaga, not even neurotic. Hamlet's ingrained unhappiness, therefore, before ever he has seen the Ghost, owes nothing to weakness or mental infirmity; "since Hamlet was by no means weak, and mental infirmity is no subject for a tragic author." Then Shakespeare had no business writing *Lear*? Perhaps we shouldn't ask; for common sense radiates a sort of wisdom out of half-truths, untruths, and platitudes smoothly reeled off. Notice how in less than a sentence this critic has managed to be bland, emphatic, dismissive, off-hand: his manner in a nutshell. How does he explain the hesitations and scruples of a Hamlet, ignoble, callous, and "by no means weak"? By the fact that Claudius had grabbed a throne that should have been his: picture the self-doting victim of the successful *coup*.

> All this goes to show that the attitude of Hamlet for Claudius is subtler and more complex than meets the eye. The first impact is one of rights and hopes defrauded, property stolen. The King is the thief. But beneath that feeling there lurks the irritated humiliation of the powerless man at the sight of success, however obtained; and even an element of envy. What Hamlet feels is the defeat he had undergone when, his father dead, he let Claudius take the throne. Why did he? This question he cannot answer. . . .
>
> . . . We can. Hamlet could not pour himself into action because he was too egotistic for that. All action—even crime—requires freedom from egotism. Man can only act by, so to speak, mating with the outside world; by forgetting himself for an instant, and becoming the object of his action. Hamlet could not forget himself; and, far from pouring himself into the world outside, he forced the world to pour itself into him. Since all the world was forced to become Hamlet, Hamlet could neither do nor become anything in the world.

And was that all the tragedy, all the trouble? So it would seem.

A gifted failure, then, in the struggle for power, a Curzon, a Sheridan, a Mark Antony: that is Hamlet as seen by Señor Madariaga. His point of view is roughly that of the Court circles in the play—Claudius and Gertrude, Polonius, etc. Do they plot and intrigue? That is diplomacy. Has the King committed murder? But then he can behave "reasonably": Hamlet won't or can't. How unreasonable!

The cynical view of Hamlet requires a tarnished Ophelia, and that, in the way of argument about and about, Señor Madariaga has little hesitation in providing. His main argument, which freely contradicts itself, is the sexual one. When Laertes, giving himself away, pompously adjures her to be chaste, that is taken as evidence of her being quite otherwise; else, why the insistence? And when, mad, Ophelia babbles of sex, that again proves that, like the lady in the ballad, she has lifted her latch to Hamlet: the minds of virgins, are notoriously sexless, and experience a likelier overthrower of the wits than abstinence! Hamlet's smutty banter is answered, we are told, archly. All references to her pretty innocence are to be taken as ironical. Finally, in Gertrude's obviously sincere and beautiful elegy, this critic seizes on the mention of "long purples" as proof conclusive of Ophelia's sexual complicity. Elsewhere, it is true, Señor Madariaga has taken some pains to show that the Elizabethan Court, of which Elsinore gives a reflection, was free in speech and behaviour; but that evidence is forgotten here. Long arguments call for short memories.

Has Señor Madariaga ever seen a performance of *Hamlet*? He must have, of course. But I wonder, because action in the theatre makes plain many of the things which in his unravelling become subtly tortuous. One can't, for example, in the theatre ignore that *Hamlet* is poetry, not prose; by its intensity it floods and overcomes like music. Thus the flower poetry attached to Ophelia not only *says* she's innocent, it inculcates that meaning irresistibly, so that however the words are spoken or the part acted, innocent she will be. The ferocity of Hamlet's revenge on her innocence is indeed one of the turning points of the drama. Rob those scenes of their injustice—as Señor Madariaga does, by detraction and implication—and the whole tragedy loses its bright thread of pathos. Shakespeare has made this quite plain. It is plain also, however we may interpret the fact, that Hamlet errs from too much loving Gertrude.

By denying nobility to Hamlet Señor Madariaga leaves out of account altogether Shakespeare's poetry. However neurotic, ruthless, evasive etc., Hamlet may appear to us, we cannot (such is the nature of the poetry) detach Hamlet from the words he utters, the eternalizing music. Remain insensible to *that*, and of course you're free to invent and argue anything. You substitute glibly for Shakespeare your own prose paraphrase. What's in an idiom? That, to his taste, is what skilfully, subtly, irreclaimably, Señor Madariaga has done. He is not by any means the first. Tolstoy, Voltaire, a host of others have tried to roll out a landscape of poetry with the steam-roller of sense.

They assert, they argue like mad. Hamlet's egotism is nothing to theirs. They miss the poetry and even more they miss the fact that Hamlet himself is a poet. He is, one might say, the first modern poet, a man, that is, revealing himself incomparably in words from within; and that not in printed poems and diaries but as a character walking the stage! The effect staggers. It is as though, among Jacobean composers, Beethoven were suddenly to irrupt with the drama of his Ninth Symphony. Nobody at the time noticed? Oh yes they did. Not Jonson perhaps, but Donne: one can't imagine his not noticing. Hamlets became a fashion. Hamletism played a big part in the Romantic revolution, and in the mid-nineteenth-century the influence has contracted and refined, so that we discover once more not merely Hamletism but Hamlet himself. Lermontov is nearer to Hamlet than is Byron; his Hero is indeed Hamlet in love. And with Baudelaire we have in some details very precisely Hamlet himself. Disinheritance, mother, the intrusive "uncle," political upheaval, skulls, suits of black, disease, the obsessing worm: here is a Hamlet who has taken the steep path to discover Satan. Many doubts and questions about Shakespeare's figure of tragedy can be resolved by inference from Baudelaire. Day by day, year by year, in the Rue Richepanse, can be traced out the exaltations and depressions of that incestuous mood, with its bitter brilliant poetry, that grows out of the act uncommitted. Violence gutters out. "I will speak daggers to her," exclaims Hamlet, "but use none." Baudelaire attacked with begging letters.

Hamlet of course, in the brief five hours of the stage, is a more positive, as he is a less perverse, figure than Baudelaire. But the source of anguish, the death fantasies and sexual rages are the same. He is a poet, Shakespeare himself perhaps. He fails in action precisely to the measure that he succeeds with words; they are his platform, his weapons, his instruments of self-torture. So remarkable a poet is he (if all Shakespeare's other work had been lost, the utterances of Hamlet would still place him in the front rank of English poets), so eloquent, disturbing and final in speech, that his occasional lapses into doggerel have an effect of irony. Ophelia's grave is desecrated with a wild display of histrionics: we are appalled not so much by the savagery of this action, as by the degree of torment that can require it—the need, faced with a shocking falsity in others, to go one worse ourselves. Witnessing this scene in the theatre we do not feel disgust, as Señor Madariaga would have us, but a mixture of shame and pity. That's to say that we sympathize with Hamlet, while he doesn't; and the advantage, the gain in understanding, I suggest, are ours.

Far more enlightening, if less bluffly challenging, is another essay on a perennial subject; Mr. Roy Walker's *The Time is Out of Joint*†. This running commentary which takes us through the drama scene by scene and speech by speech, shows first the necessary quick response to poetry, and second the spiritual conflict involved. Hamlet becomes again the Hero, moral man in an immoral society, and his failures are those of anyone who sets himself against stupidity, wickedness, and cunning. Whitewash! Señor Madariaga would exclaim—you mustn't, you can't so idealize Hamlet! Well, it does present a black-and-white *Hamlet*, this interpretation of Mr. Walker's; he minimizes Hamlet's cruelties and rules out the ingrown pattern of incest. But that is omission rather than contradiction: Hamlet can be both a spiritual hero, at war with worldliness, and the victim, like Orestes, of destinies linked with childhood. Being both at once, and loose-ended in other ways (courageous, for example, with streaks of cowardice), he overflows from the stage as does no other character even in Shakespeare. The prototype of philosopher-poet, dandy (in Baudelaire's sense), or redeeming prince is also the most complete and therefore fallible human being the theatre has produced. What was Lear in his youth? Who knows or cares? But about Hamlet—in childhood, as a student at Wittenberg, quarrelling, falling in love, visiting brothels, playing pranks, discovering the lure and poison of *accidie*—we are irresistibly, endlessly curious. *The Time Is Out of Joint* has the great merit of throwing a delicately new light on its subject; Mr. Walker keeps close to the poetry and the stage (all, or nearly all, he says is strictly applicable), and if this isn't the whole Hamlet, it is one side of him scrupulously examined. The struggle against evil is presented in terms whose fearfulness and subtlety may suggest Kafka. On occasion Mr. Walker may tend to refine Shakespeare to an abstract or symbolist drama of his own seeing, to stress the endeavour and miss the canker, but this tendency is never allowed to run on in argument with the point left behind. Here, in fact, is a good piece of criticism in the minor key, and I look forward to Mr. Walker's companion study of *Macbeth*.

G. W. STONIER.

* *On Hamlet*. By Salvador de Madariaga. Hollis and Carter. 10*s*. 6*d*.

† *The Time is Out of Joint*. By Roy Walker. Dakers. 6*s*.

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THE PROBLEM OF DESPAIR

The Heart of the Matter. By GRAHAM GREENE. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.

You may be maimed, bankrupt, deprived of friends, relations and all support, broken in health, persecuted, tortured, imprisoned, but there is one reprisal you must never take: suicide. To the non-Catholic it must seem that there are many worse—less pardonable—sins: relentless cruelty, for instance, and treachery, and meanness. To which the Church replies that whereas cruelty and treachery can be wiped out by repentance (but can they? What about the ruined victims of the sadist and the traitor?), the wretch who takes his own life has no time in which to repent of his sin. Suicide is unpardonable, quite as much because it is final, as because it is the goal of despair, than which no insult to God can be more profound.

Greatly daring, Mr. Graham Greene has risked the unthinkable charge of spiritual pride, in a story which is a triumph of the novelist's art—the art, that is to say, of a certain kind of novelist, who, although an anxious and vivid writer, eschews the effects of poetry in the interests of the sharper psychological outline. For this method of approach, and for the setting of his story, Mr. Greene will find himself compared with Mr. Somerset Maugham; but the differences between the two writers are too deep to detain any but the most casual reader. *The Heart of the Matter* is set in a West African coastal town—because the author happens to have lived there, rather than because the setting is essential to the problem he has chosen to exemplify. The gist of this problem is indicated in the following remark made by Mr. Greene's hero, the Police Commissioner, Major Scobie: "One should look after one's own soul at whatever cost to another, and that's what I can't do, what I shall never be able to do."

I use the word hero because it is strictly appropriate: we are meant, I think, to conclude that this limited and in most ways ordinary man was a kind of saint—and saints are inevitably heroic. This one is brought to despair by a natural inclination to what is best in human character: horror of inflicting suffering, love of responsibility, uprightness, tolerance, magnanimity, hatred of injustice. He and his wife Louise are Roman Catholics. Loathing the place, and the English colony which shows her scant friendship, Louise nags her husband to send her to South Africa. Scobie cannot afford this; in pity for her misery he borrows the necessary sum from a Syrian merchant, Yusef, whom he knows he cannot trust. This is the first step towards despair. A British ship is torpedoed off the coast (this is wartime), and after many days in open boats some of the passengers are retrieved. Among them is a young widow, Helen Rolt. She and Scobie fall deeply in love. Suddenly Louise announces her imminent return ("I've been a fool") and Scobie is faced by having either to leave Helen or tell his wife that he has been unfaithful to her. Either course will involve misery to someone, and since Scobie loves both women for different reasons, his dilemma is insoluble. To reassure Louise, he takes Communion with her in a state of mortal sin, because he cannot bring himself to seek absolution for an act he has every intention of committing again. Scobie's situation is complicated by a government inspector called Wilson, who has ferreted out his relations with Yusef and has planted a native servant in Scobie's house to spy upon him. Discovering this, Scobie goes to Yusef for help, with the result that the native boy is incontinently murdered. This is the last straw and Scobie takes an overdose of Evipan, but not before carefully cooking his diary so that his death shall appear accidental.

Such is the bare (very bare) outline of a story in which there are no loose ends, nothing is left to chance, and each scene is planted as carefully as in a play. In this brilliantly professional novel every detail is made to serve Mr. Greene's argument that despair is a failing to which only the good are liable. It is a marvellous performance, but until we are within sight of the *dénouement* we remain in danger of considering the book simply in that light. Dazzled by the narrative power (here Mr. Greene is the equal of François Mauriac), and by the electrically charged surface, the non-Catholic reader may easily miss the author's deep-laid scheme—until he is brought slap up against it, in the last section of the novel; and then it will be too late to feel the poignancy of Scobie's dilemma, or to be convinced that although the Church "knows all the answers" it does not always know the exceptions, when, by a miracle of the divine mercy, a mortal sin may be transformed by the love which prompted it.

To those who can accept the author's premisses, these later chapters, in which Henry Scobie is driven inexorably to the act of despair, will appear Mr. Greene's most impressive achievement. He has attempted great themes before, and has not risen completely to their height. But here it may indeed be said (as Henry James said of Meredith) that he does the best things best.

I have one substantial bone to pick with him. His final chapter, where Louise Scobie is revealed as having been aware all along of her husband's infidelity, and Helen Rolt is shown yielding to the oafish Fl. Lt. Bagster, seems to me gratuitously brutal. This Sartrian insistence on the nonsensical quality of life has the effect of lessening our sympathy with Scobie himself. That a sacrifice is equally valuable, whether or not it corresponds to the facts, appears to me a romantic view quite at variance with Mr. Greene's neuralgic perception of human relations. Here his absorption in his theme has led him to be unfair to some of his characters. In the *pièce-à-thèse* the secondary figures suffer from the author's overriding preoccupation. The chief persons take all the vitality that is in the idea they illustrate; like yew trees, they leave little sustenance in the ground anywhere near their roots. Scobie himself, the paltry Wilson, the melancholy Father Rank, the equivocal Yusef, are all imagined with clarity and tenderness; but the two women, as well as being in fact secondary, are something less than adequate to the situation, because—unlike the others—they are not drawn with love.

Nevertheless Mr. Greene does bring us to the heart of the matter, which I take to be the love of God. The phrase is ambiguous, but is used here to mean the love of one's fellow men raised to the highest power, at which every man assumes the form of Christ crucified. Which is one aspect of the Incarnation.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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mainly confined to the period between the failure of the Cripps Mission and the end of the war. His first impression was that India is "the pathological museum of modern society where every form of human oppression, every aberration of human reason, every ideology of disunity is placed on exhibit." But he was too honest an observer to retain the popular American over-simplification which assumed that the problems of India were solely created by British Imperialism. He appreciated the "tremendous victory over the imperialist mentality" involved in the change of British policy in India and realised that some of the worst problems would remain when independence had been achieved.

Mr. Taylor's approach is that of the psychologist. When the British had gone there would still be the aftermath of "the paranoid relationship" between ruler and ruled. "Wherever in the world" he writes, "there has been the reality of persecution there has usually arisen a delusion of persecution, which persisted long after the cause was removed."

Mr. Taylor is at his best in diagnosing the attitude of the Westerner towards the East, and if the Indians and Pakistani do not always recognise themselves in the mirror he places before them, British residents will often recognise some of their own features if they are honest with themselves. Many Britishers, Mr. Taylor states, form their only judgments of Indians from their servants. They work with Indians as junior colleagues, but the office or the regiment is not a "channel of cultural exchange." In these formal relationships "mask meets mask instead of man meeting man" . . . "Only the bearer remained as a real significant link between the mind of the East and the mind of the West." British residents in India, especially women, love talking about the fidelity of their servants, and Mr. Taylor suggests they often make the convenient assumption that the soul of the faithful slave is the soul of India. The "hysterical quality" which he notices in many Indian revolutionaries is largely explained by the humiliation which educated and politically-conscious Indians have suffered. In the biographies of Indian leaders, including Gandhi and Nehru, there are often references to the behaviour of the British who treat "the individual Asiatic not like a member of a superior race to an inferior race, but like a member of a superior social class to a member of a lower social class." "The life of the British sahib," says Mr. Taylor, "is filled with symbols of domination and grandeur. . . . As far as his relations with the natives goes, he lives like a pre-revolutionary Grand Duke in Russia." Even when political and economic concessions of the most far-reaching character were made to Indians, the British were slow to recognise their social implications. Mr. Taylor notes a comparison with the position of the American Negro whose "capacity for being hurt" is increased by every improvement in his economic and cultural status.

Mr. Taylor developed a great love for India—not the India of New Delhi or Calcutta, but the India of the many villages he visited on his bicycle, following dirt roads running through fields of flowering mustard until he came to houses "plastered against some ruins in a grove of shady trees." He saw that the Western legend of progress was almost non-existent in India. "The 1943 bullock cart was no improvement over the 1942 model, or even the 1429 model, and if it had been, there were fewer Indians who could afford to buy one, proportionately far fewer than in 1429." Nor for the great mass of Indian peasants is there even yet in Mr. Taylor's view any revolt against the technological backwardness which so shocks the Occidental. British rule brought capitalism and private ownership of the land. The result has not been to give the peasant a "capitalist-personality-structure," but only to produce a conflict which tends to be neurotic. This applies most of all to Indians who have become urbanised and who through contact with foreign ways see the threat to their own ancient culture. In some an inferiority towards the West combines with a false superiority towards their own people. Mr. Taylor cites as example an Indian who complained that his countrymen didn't know how to make cocktails and another who felt at home playing golf with British officials and yet still maintained a belief in Vedic aeroplanes, and peasant girls who remembered earlier incarnations.

Mr. Taylor is an excellent reporter and observer and many of his descriptive passages are memorable. In the latter part of his book he describes his growing interest in Buddhist philosophy and in Hinduism. He visited South-East Asia and drew the contrast between the "sick-minded religious belief" which Buddhism seemed in theory and "a kind of native healthy-mindedness which enjoys all the good things of life including funerals." On all these matters Mr. Taylor thinks aloud and for that reason his book is too long. He drifts off into a rather discursive argument about Western and Eastern philosophy, disarmament, and atom bombs and decides that India may play "an independent mediating role between the Western democracies and Russia." Like many other Westerners Mr. Taylor is attracted by the mysticism of India and the non-violent philosophy of Gandhi, but produces no very clear result when he tries to apply it to the violent and intractable western world.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

SPRINGBOARD

Holes In The Sky. LOUIS MACNEICE. *Faber* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The times are as hard for a poet as for a motorist. Perhaps particularly hard for such a poet as Mr. Louis MacNeice, who was always a traveller, an assimilator, for whom the far-fetched was always near, the near often wittily far-fetched. It is with memories of these travelogue brilliances, whether silhouettes or close-ups, that one opens this new volume, to discover how he has fared in circumstances offering considerably less scope for them.

The first impression is that he has fared rather badly. There are here a few vignettes of post-war perplexities—"Hiatus," "Aftermath," "Twelfth Night," "Tam Cari Capitis"—containing sharp perceptions and excellent lines, some nostalgic poems—"Carrick Revisited," "Western Landscape," "Woods"—drawing principally on the Irish scene, and a number of occasional and minor pieces—"Week-End," "Aubade For Infants," and many others—of the sort which Mr. MacNeice has always written: and none has quite that "careless force and forceless care" which distinguished him earlier.

There is some waste, some forcing, some incipient sententiousness. There is only one good portrait, "The Drunkard," and it is not equal with his best. Such verbs as "butter" and "lather," once carried gaily along the rushing surface (verbs were perhaps always most dangerous to him) here tend to obtrude self-consciously. The plaster of the fine facades shows cracks—as if lacking some adequate structure to support it.

It seems indeed to be a question of the structure. Making poetry before the war, Mr. MacNeice's redoubtable eye and intellect gained a two-ply strength from the personal near-past (Ireland, Oxford) and the political near-future (Czechoslovakia, Spain). His verse was an autostrada, down which the faster intellectual traffic hurried. Carelessnesses, sentimentalities, extravagances

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were carried irresistibly along. He earned also rewards commensurate with the determination to be always a little detached, a little ascetic, never stopping to examine too curiously private emotions and complexes. As he hurried ahead on his six powerful cylinders, it served him well that he had not disqualified himself as an observer by becoming a part of the welter which he observed; that, though his sleeve was more brilliantly-coloured than anyone else's, he had never worn his heart on it. Now it seems that either the manner has become unsuitable, or the material is lacking; we are too conscious of the manipulating of the one, of the scarcity of the other. Nor is the poet's asceticism, in these hang-fire, tomorrowless days, more glamorous than the motorist's.

Yet, though they lack the earlier felicitousness, the poems here do haunt, and one feels curiously drawn towards them for their very uncertainties and weaknesses, as towards a conjuror whose trick has not quite come off. Furthermore, there are in them echoes of a different and deeper poet, who had made occasional bows to us already in earlier volumes, and who here intimates—it is not more than an intimation—that he may eventually steal the show.

I mean a quality which the juggler's brilliance had left more in shadow: a weightier, slower mood, holding the seeds of major poetry. Present before in certain lyrics, for example, the beautiful "Sunlight on the Garden"

> Our freedom as free lances
> Advances towards its end;
> The earth compels, upon it
> Sonnets and birds descend;
> And soon, my friend,
> We shall have no time for dances.

it lingers longest, a slowed-down echo, after a study of these latest poems, despite their serious imperfections. He awakes it in "Slum Song," a deeply-felt poem, particularly in the haunting last verse—

> Near and far, far and near,
> The street-lamps wink, the mutes are here,
> Above the steeple hangs a star
> So near and far . . . far.

A long poem, "The Stygian Banks," taking as its motto Troilus's line—

> Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
> Staying for waftage

seems most to characterize Mr. MacNeice's present perplexity. Not very successful, indeed strangely long-winded, and impeded rather than helped by the effort to tack on remnants of impressionist brilliance, this poem is nevertheless interesting and sympathetic, since it clearly shows him fumbling for a new springboard—"staying for waftage."

> Oh, we know that the word merry
> Is vulgarized and Chaucer's England was not
> All cakes and ale nor all our childhood happy;
> Yet there is something lost.

Insisting on the variousness of scenes and people, on thin individualities and their limitations—themes touched before—he strings these into a kind of amulet against the evil eye of political and social abstractions. Yet he seems to be whistling to keep his courage up—

> What do I care? It is Spring and it always will be
> However the blossoms fall

and this, despite its defiance, is a sad, at heart an anguished, poem. The Jolly Miller was a sad person. One is left doubting whether these almost feverish assertions have the sustaining force in them, which Mr. MacNeice's talent may be seeking. It is indeed difficult to know what has at present. But it is possible to see in these poems, together with much lapse and wavering, the hint that he may eventually find it; and that this will mean a new step in his poetic development.

GILES ROMILLY

ARCHITECTS

Victorian Architecture. By HUGH CASSON. *Art and Technics.* 10s. 6d.

Regency Architecture. By PAUL REILLY. *Art and Technics.* 10s. 6d.

The Regency Style. By DONALD PILCHER. *Batsford.* 15s.

Mr. Casson launches this new series of excellently illustrated introductions to the architecture of various periods with a bold, and on the whole successful, venture into the Victorian era. That period having been what it was, he can do little more than stand on the brink of this unusually turgid section of the time stream and call out the names, and hint at the interest, of the various influences and stylistic manifestations as they whizz by. If we allow for the allotted space, and take it as an introduction—a first reader in Victorian Architecture—it can be called a good book. It makes it easy to recognise some of the virtues of Victorian Architecture which current prejudices obscure, puts a discerning finger on the sources of some of its defects, and lays a groundwork which should be helpful when the beginner goes on to more detailed studies. That may be all one can fairly ask of an introduction, and one should perhaps leave the matter there, but it has to be said that the text is disfigured by a number of generalisations about Victorians which smack—if we are going in for period labels—of the Undergraduate brightness of 1924–29. Mr. Casson is, in tune with that, extremely unfair to Sir Gilbert Scott, who was, after all, a good deal more than a sort of architectural Facey Romford: there was that side to him, but he was all the same an extremely sincere creative artist for most hours of the twenty-four. The body of accepted opinion about Victorian architecture makes one side thoughtlessly with Palmerston against Scott in the stylistic row about the India Office, but Palmerston in fact used his position quite unscrupulously to murder Scott as an artist. Without genius to give his work a gleam, Scott was entirely dependent on the reputation he had built up by hard work, and Palmerston, like any blackmailer, threatened him with ruin. The whole intrigue, and the two years of violent struggle between Scott and his conscience, would form the foundation for a splendid Balzacian novel—which is to say there is much more to it than a Victorian humbug being chased up a tree by a bluff old survival from the rationalist eighteenth century. Scott did not catch a glimpse of a paying line when, as a boy, he peered through the keyhole in the locked door of Chetwood Church at the lancet windows at its east end; his eye was on something else, and if one ignores it one misses a vital element in Victorian architecture.

The truth is that Scott has inherited the mantle which was once worn by Nash, and by Adam before him, as beast in chief of a period of breakdown and confusion. Mr. Paul Reilly introduces one to the Regency style as to a friend, defends Nash from the sort of criticism that Sir Reginald Blomfield lashed him with, and goes on:

> The Regency has been too often dismissed as a bastard period of jerry-stucco, cheap and shoddy in construction, inconsequent in its architecture. In fact it was the fine Indian summer of the eighteenth century, the colourful sunset before the blanket of mid-Victorian night.

An echo stirs in the mind and one turns to Sir Reginald's *History of Renaissance Architecture in England:*

> Dance, the younger, may fairly be taken as the last of the old school,

we read. Fergusson was most unfair to him. . . .

> For some time, however, the tendency to eclecticism, with its accompanying anarchy of taste,

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had been steadily at work, and perhaps the chief offenders were—

Robert Adam and his brothers, of course. And so it goes on: Street, it will be remembered, whose office was to launch Norman Shaw, allowed that it was possible to like some Queen Anne buildings because the brickwork was a nice colour. However, apart from this treatment of the Regency style as the condemned man's traditional hearty breakfast, the introduction is admirable, perhaps its strongest point being one which it shares with Mr. Casson's handbook. Which is that it deals with the real influences and sources that affect and are used by architects when working on buildings, and disregards the beguiling literary and artistic material they draw on when working on clients: the general editor of this series has given it the realism one might expect from a practising architect.

This realism has no place in Mr. Pilcher's book, where such marginal vapourers as Uvedale Price and Payne Knight are treated as if they were more influential than Robert Adam, Holland, Soane, and the other creative artists whose practice formed and expressed the Regency style. There are queer omissions: Basevi is left out altogether, for instance, and neither Hardwick is thought worth a mention; Samuel Pepys Cockerell is passed over, his work at Sezincote being attributed to his even more distinguished son C. R. Cockerell, who otherwise wins no more than a passing backhander as a patron of Messrs. Jackson, the makers of *papier mâché* ornaments. Soane's enchanting book of cottage and villa designs of 1793, *Sketches in Architecture*, is not referred to, though later similar books by such second-raters as Plaw, Lugar, and Pocock, who follow it to a point little short of piracy, are freely quoted. And if we must have Lugar, why his weakest and most impractical pastiches in preference to his snug, eminently practical, and characteristically Regency, farm and farmhouse designs? The truth is that this sort of loose, dilettante, polite essay has been killed stone dead by such works of exact scholarship as Mr. John Summerson's *Georgian London*, which covers much more effectively a good deal of the ground over which Mr. Pilcher skates in his free and easy manner. A good many possibilities are covered by this from Mr. Pilcher:

> Builders like Burton and Cubitt did their job conscientiously and in some cases seem to have had sufficient respect for "correct taste," as a contributor to letting value, to consult architects over their designs.

It does not cover all the possibilities, however, and the edge of the irony is rather blunted by the information provided by Mr. Summerson—that Burton was a capable architect in his own right who could exhibit at the Royal Academy, and that Cubitt, when not executing the designs of more distinguished men, probably worked to those of his fully qualified younger brother Lewis, who studied with Henry Kendall. This is not to put pedantry above aesthetic sensibility—one looks in vain for other things as well as Mr. Summerson's precision; there is nothing here to equal his stimulating analysis of Soane's Court of Chancery, with its suggestive analogy between the intellectual daring shown there and that of Beethoven's last quartets. The last few years have seen a rapid rise in the standard of this sort of work, and architecture is no longer a matter for loose talk.

ANTHONY WEST

A.B.C.

The Alphabet. By DAVID DIRINGER. Foreword by SIR ELLIS MINNS. *Hutchinson.* £2 10s.

Culture has depended upon men's ability to create and fix their own forms in the unbroken flux of existence. The wandering butterfly is seen, caught, and pinned in ideal attitudes. Perhaps all men have seen and have caught, but civilised man is particularly concerned with the fixing. He achieves it wherever he can. The fluctuations between heat and cold are neatly divided into degrees; from seconds to years that elusive dimension, time, is secured with as many pegs as held Gulliver in the fields of Lilliput. Go into a clockmaker's shop and listen to the scores of small sibilant voices all expressing man's conviction that the revolution of his planet can be divided into 86,400 seconds.

With equal determination we have perfected means for securing sound. If imaginative expression in the form of music long preceded our ability to hold it with musical notation, speech was very many thousands of years old before any attempt was made to hold it with writing. There had, of course, been the palaeolithic cave paintings, but they were direct expression of emotion, of a supreme desire for certain animals, and therefore related to symbols but nowhere on the road towards an alphabet. This was begun with the pictograph which represents an eye by the drawing of an eye, and followed by the ideograph where an eye may mean sight and an added tear, sorrow.

Such sign-writing was a natural outcome of heightened self-consciousness and precision of thought, as well as of growing social complexity which demanded the listing of property and the recording of events. It was indeed natural enough to have arisen in many places independently, the most famous examples, because of the romantic appeal of their isolation, being the Maya and Aztec scripts of Central America and the pictographs found so unexpectedly on the diminutive Easter Island. In this type of writing the mental image is immediately rendered, there is no connection with language. It is a simple process apt for the infancy of civilization, for childhood and for advertisements catering for the childish.

The next step, which still falls far short of the true alphabet, is already phonetic. It is the voice, the language that is being secured, not the mental image itself. In the syllabic scripts the written symbol makes this abrupt change of allegiance, referring no longer directly to meaning but to sound; it is the rebus method by which caterpillar can be rendered by signs that no longer have any significant connection with a domestic pet and a column. All the great ancient civilisations seem to have achieved this transitional stage, although by widely differing means. It was characteristic of the frozen perfection of Egyptian culture that their monumental writing should have kept the naturalistic forms of the pictograph, lovely birds, snakes, animals and gods, exquisitely incised on the limestone surfaces. The Sumerians and their successors, on the other hand, quickly transformed pictures into the curious staccato of cuneiform, the product of the reeds and mud of their river valleys. As for the other great valley civilisation, that of the Indus, its script, still undeciphered, was again quite unlike that of either Egypt or Sumeria. Yet all three were obviously inspired by a common idea: the possibility of writing, of fixing statements of fact or fleeting thoughts, through the representation of sounds.

They got so far, but these gifted peoples all failed to achieve the freedom and flexibility of a true alphabet. Their scripts remained a curious hotch-potch of pictographs, ideographs and syllabic signs, to say nothing of the many determinatives which were added in an attempt to distinguish between them. The Egyptians evolved consonantal signs, but their use remained erratic and partial, and indeed tended to add to the elaboration of a system so elaborate that only a few professional scribes could master it.

The idea of an alphabet was simple enough to

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It is an instrument that has remained in use for three thousand years, ranging from the mechanical, standardised forms which day after day are shaped in the flow of type metal, to the unique caligraphy of each one of us, marks so intensely personal that they can make the lover tremble.

Dr. Diringer has told a long and complex history exceptionally well. This is a reference book describing and illustrating the scripts of all ages throughout the world. Yet the many separate sections are furnished with general introductions, clear and unpretentious, that together give a strong sense of continuity, of the development of an unusually exciting plot. Dr. Diringer seems admirably objective, too, in his accounts of the many disputes that still rage in this branch of scholarship. What is even more remarkable is that every here and there a sentence strikes deliberately on a note of poetry, making it vibrate through the welter of detail, through all the finicking little signs devised by men as setting pins for the butterfly. JACQUETTA HAWKES

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE

Dostoevsky. By L. A. ZANDER. *Student Christian Movement Press.* 10*s.*

Chekov and His Russia. By W. H. BRUFORD. *Kegan Paul.* 16*s.*

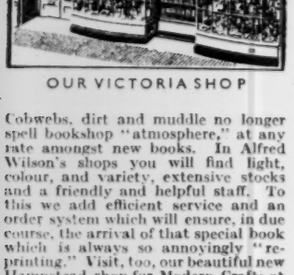
Like roots and bulbs, words need to be periodically dug up and subdivided. "The novel" is such a word, and "criticism" is another. In the library of the English faculty at Bonn before the war there was preserved, among other such studies, a treatise on the Use of the Accusative Absolute in Elizabethan Dramatists other than Shakespeare; this was literary criticism. So, too, one must suppose, are those whimsical reconstructions of the personal appearance of Dr. Watson. Writing on boys' weeklies, Mr. Orwell is a literary critic no less than Hazlitt examining the plays of Shakespeare or Sainte-Beuve minutely assessing the humour of Molière. The two books under review are both about writers and their work, but they have no more in common than this. Here are two extremes of the critical method. Professor Bruford calls his investigation "A Sociological Study," and Professor Zander's publishers and qualifications are perhaps illuminating enough to make a sub-title unnecessary; he is professor of philosophy at the Russian Theological Academy in Paris. Both professors have written valuable books which are likely to increase our knowledge of their subjects, and their opposite methods are a pleasant monument to the many-sidedness of man.

Professor Zander displays no interest either in sociology or in any of those subjects which are closely allied to it. Nor is he greatly concerned with Dostoevsky's technical merits as a writer and a novelist. His subject, narrowly stated, is the theology of Dostoevsky, but in the case of such a God-absorbed man the theology is no accidental attribute. An investigation of this prophet's attitude to God involves, as Professor Zander well understands, an investigation into his attitude to Man and the World. No biographical material is provided in this book; there is no attempt to explain *why* Dostoevsky thought as he did, and one must be grateful for this austere concentration on the immediate subject in hand. It is a common and a bad tendency in modern literary critics that they are incapable of examining the book without casting a knowing, sidelong glance at the book's writer. "In discussing X's attitude to women we must not forget his own abnormal fixation on the mother-imago." But that is exactly what we *must* forget. A writer addresses us through his books, and he has the right to demand that they be considered by themselves. Biography and literary criticism have become fashionably intermingled, and it is time that they were pulled apart again.

To describe the fundamental attitude of Dostoevsky to God and the world, Professor Zander employs the useful word "panentheism," which is defined as "all in God and all for God, in contradistinction to pantheism or all-godness." This word emphasises a strong belief in God's immanence, without denying His transcendance. It emphasises, in opposition to colder theologies, divine proximity and availability. Thus it is that Dostoevsky has an almost Buddhist faith in the recurring reincarnations of Christ. He would not have used such heretical words as these and Professor Zander avoids this interpretation, but the truly Christ-like figures of Sonia, Myshkin and Alyosha constantly suggest that their creator could not regard the Incarnation as an isolated historical event but as an ever-present possibility. In the case of Prince Myshkin Professor Zander does indeed show that Dostoevsky tries to employ him as the archetypal Bridegroom, but it is not allowed that he succeeded. "Though he is the highest expression of the creature and a perfect image of Christ, he is not the saviour but the saved, not 'the Bridegroom,' but (paradoxically as it sounds) 'the Bride.'" One would take no exception to the paradox of this view, but one is bound to suspect a certain disingenuity, a special pleading. Because Myshkin does not correspond to the orthodox conception of Christ there is no reason to suppose that he didn't correspond to Dostoevsky's own image of his Saviour. He believed—it is evident at every high moment in the novels—that man could if he wished become the perfect receptacle of God, become not only the saved but also the saviour.

There is a similar disingenuity at the end of this book. Professor Zander holds, with the great majority of Christians, that "the ethic of image must make way for the ethic of deeds." It is not enough to be passively filled with the Grace of God; one must justify the gift of Grace in action. But to hold this very reasonable view is not the same thing as to foist it on Dostoevsky. Yet Professor Zander will have it that the transition from *The Idiot* to *The Brothers Karamazov* is a progression from the ethic of image to the ethic of deeds. There is no evidence at all for this view, and none is presented here. Indeed, it is admitted that "even in the religious sphere which Dostoevsky had explored so deeply, 'deeds' play scarcely any part." In fact, nothing could more clearly express Dostoevsky's view than the words of Father Zossima's brother: ". . . we are sinful and foolish and we don't understand that life is heaven, for *we have only to understand it* and it will at once be fulfilled in all its beauty." Professor Zander trounces this view, and falls back on saying that perhaps Dostoevsky was constitutionally incapable of extolling deeds even when he wished to do so, and that anyway "his personal life was one of truly heroic work and self-discipline." This one little excursion into biography reveals the disingenuity of the whole theory.

It is a pity that this intelligent and sympa-



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thetic book should be marred by these distortions, for Professor Zander has much to tell us which is both new and interesting to English readers. There is a particularly illuminating chapter on the preoccupation with sacrifice in Dostoevsky's women.

Professor Bruford has written a most curious work. He has set out to paint a sociological picture of late nineteenth century Russia by using as his primary material the stories and plays of Chekov. One suspects that strict sociologists would be gravely offended by this method. Chekov was, after all, a highly imaginative writer, although a realistic one. It is a little dubious to imply, as Professor Bruford constantly does, that because a priest behaves thus or thus in a Chekov story it was thus or thus that real Russian priests behaved. Yet the method curiously succeeds in justifying itself. For one thing, Professor Bruford has made a careful study of his sociological subject from many other sources than the works of Chekov. He uses Chekov more as illustration than as primary evidence, and the illustrations are, of course, magnificently illuminating. Certainly if one is to deal with a writer of fiction in this way, then no happier choice could have been made. Zola, for example, was himself a highly self-conscious sociologist and therefore liable to make sociological mistakes. But Chekov was before everything a seeing eye, almost uniquely receptive and acute. His artistic distortions—and he made as many, of course, as any other writer of his stature—never led him to falsify the social framework. One might say that this was his own private discipline. This might have been a dry and tedious book and an offence to lovers of Chekov. But Professor Bruford, though he can sometimes write naively of his subject, always treats Chekov with a deep and perceptive respect. His aim may have been to write sociology, but he has also written a piece of useful literary scholarship.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

THE HUNANESE

The Chinese Earth. By SHEN TSENG-WEN. Trans. CHING TI and ROBERT PAYNE. *Allen and Unwin.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Walled in on one side by a group of mountains in which live the picturesque tribesmen, the Miao, and circled on the other by the vast, beautiful lake of Tungting, Hunan is unique as a province. Timely rain, timely sunshine and a fertile soil have made it the "rice-bowl" of China. The Hunanese used to boast that a good harvest of theirs was "enough to feed the whole Empire." Conscious of this fact they have quite rightly regarded themselves as the bravest people as well. They adore soldiering as much as red pepper, which they cannot do without in their rich diet even on the hottest of summer days. It was they who defeated the nation-wide Taiping rebellion, who helped Chiang Kai-shek wipe out the old warlords, and who won one of the biggest battles against the Japanese at the gate of their provincial capital. It is also under the leadership of a Hunanese, Mao Tse-Tung, that the Chinese communists are to-day trying to build up the largest Soviet society in the oldest country.

The Chinese Earth is an interesting collection of stories about the people of this province, although the title is rather misleading. One finds few actual fighters in the book, but almost every character bears the stamp of the true soldier. Emotional, brave, generous and honest, they are capable of passionate love as well as hazardous military adventure. Unlike their peasant compatriots in other provinces, they seem to be always free from the worry for to-morrow's breakfast. They generally work very hard, and yet are quite happy to spend their month's pay for a night's pleasure with a woman, sometimes without caring into how many pieces they may break her heart. These men are at once artists and barbarians.

> . . . Human life is worth living, for everything in it is enjoyable; the war between men and the war of hearts are both enjoyable. Small wonder there has been a story of a hero who chased after the sun and moon. But still more enjoyable it would be if the sun and moon could be bidden to stop at any place we pleased.

The woman, however, is by no means weaker as far as passion is concerned. This is how a prostitute would take a "tragic" situation created by her sailor-lover, who attempts something like desertion:

> If the man failed to return in time, the woman would be mad with desire. . . . Or else, growing suspicious, she would dream of him disappearing on some strange errand upstream entirely forgetting her. At such times the more gentle ones dreamed of drowning themselves or of committing suicide by taking opium, while the harder ones dreamed of murdering their lovers, running towards them as they came from the boat with a kitchen knife in their hands. . . .

The author himself is a Hunanese and was a soldier in his younger days. True to the tradition of story-telling in China, he is never tired of giving detailed, lengthy descriptions of a half moon, a fish, the whistle of the wind, the beats of a woman's heart at the sight of a savagely muscular man. Every story has a preamble of some sort, which runs into one or two or even a dozen paragraphs and which may have very little to do with the incident itself. But strange as it may seem, his original prose, a blend of European style and his Hunan dialect, has such freshness and charm that the reader is rarely bored by the redundant sentences. In this respect, greater efforts seem to be required from the translators. Incidentally, the author's name is Shen *Tsung*-Wen, not *Tseng*-Wen. CHUN-CHAN YEH

English Literary Criticism: the Renaissance. By J. W. H. ATKINS. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

A fundamental analysis of the formative "Elizabethan" period of English criticism would be timely. Professor Atkins' title raises hopes which the plan of the book dashes. He is devoting his life to a survey of literary criticism through the centuries; this is the third volume, following studies of the classical and mediaeval phases; and he provides only a straightforward synopsis of the critical comments of the authors of his period. For purposes of reference such a study is very serviceable. Not everybody can know Vives or Sir Thomas Elyot or Henry Reynolds at first hand. Professor Atkins' account is solid and exact. But rarely is any striking interpretation offered, and on the familiar and outstanding documents, like Sidney's *Apology*, there is nothing new. The most pleasing touches come in the form of occasional rehabilitations. Puttenham gets the credit he deserves for pioneering in psychology, and some inspiring quotations are chosen from Daniel's verse-criticism. In the discussion of Bacon attention is drawn to a luminous passage on the collective emotions.

But these acts of appreciation are not balanced by a study of the dangerous trends which evolved in Elizabethan criticism and burdened English long afterwards. To take a single example: some might argue that the sixteenth century saw a decisive plunge into the separation of "good" from "bad" images in poetry and poetical thinking—of the *eikastike* from the *phantastike*. From time to time in expounding his authors Professor Atkins reaches passages relevant to this theme and duly records them—but he never correlates the passages in order to plot the trend or prognose the consequences. It may be that the dulness of the book arises from too much respect for the past.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 957

Set by Sebastian

The usual prizes are offered for an advertisement suitable for inclusion in the personal column of this paper offering a soul for sale to the devil or any other interested party. Maximum length, 150 words. Entries by June 29.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 954

Set by Stephen Bone

The usual prizes are offered for ten lines of rhymed verse inroducing as many tags in foreign languages as possible. E.g.

To know the *haut ton*
Is a *sine qua non*

Report by Stephen Bone

A "tag" is something more than a single word and less than a full quotation. It must be something reasonably familiar (some erudite competitors were eliminated here). Its use should be apt (this eliminated more competitors). Light verse must be easy and pleasant to read (this eliminated all but a few). Good lines—particularly good opening lines—were not infrequent. Lakon started well:

I sometimes think I have *au fond*
A *penchant* for the *demi-monde*

Q.E.D. also began with admirable fluency:

The committee had a quorum and they all agreed
nem. con.
That *ex-officio* members were *de jure* all mems. hon.

E.M.H. on the other hand had a strong conclusion; though can *savoir faire* and *mauvais quart d'heure* be considered a rhyme even by the most tolerant of adjudicators? Fergie was high-spirited and amusing but untidy, H. A. C. Evans ended with a *non sequitur*. It is a pity W. A. P.'s reckless ballad broke down after this first verse:

Pari passu, the old babu,
Essayed a *liaison* in Balham
While having a drink with a *fille de joie*,
Was stabbed in the back by a *je ne sais quoi*,
De mortuis nil nisi malum.

Perhaps it was a mistake in setting this competition not to have suggested a subject, for most competitors appear to have tried to construct verse from a pile of *ben-trovatos* and *raisons-d'être* without seriously considering whether the result was about anything in particular. Prizes are awarded as follows: Two guineas to H. J. R. for the neatest bit of verse submitted; one guinea to L. V. Upward for another very neat one, to R. Hemington for a good one that has a bad fourth line, to J. C. B. Date for one which has nothing wrong with it, and to L. E. J. for one that has quite a lot wrong with it. Penfield Cranguin is not funny but sad, will he be sadder still to see how near he came to a prize?

Oh let the *Mot* be *comme il faut*
Or let it be *sub rosa*.
They are not fond in the *beau monde*
Of the *mal à propos* Sir.
And (*chi lo sa*?) a small *faux pas*
A minor *lapsus linguae*
May overthrow your *status quo*
And brand you—not *distingué*
So *suaviter in modo* Sir and everything *pro rata*
For they who err in *Savoir Faire* are not *persona grata*.

H. J. R.

If the title—*quod vide*—is not *comme il faut*,
And this *oeuvre*, *ipso facto*, becomes a *morceau*,
Or a *chota chit*, doomed *ab initio* to be
Neither grave *magnum opus* nor smart *jeu d'esprit*
Let the judge (*absit omen!*) who's doubtless *au fait*
With the grim *Schadenfreude* that entrants display
At the lapse of a rival, a *raison d'être* find
For a judgment which is, *inter alia*, kind,
In the fact that the author, *chez lui*, is well known
As a man of one tongue—*videlicet*, his own.

L. V. Upward

He's a *soupçon*, a *nuance*, a *je ne sais quoi*
Of the *hoi polloi* of the *petit bourgeois*.
Though his *obiter dicta*, his *outré bon mots*,
Won a *succès d'estime*, they are *mal à propos*.
He's no pukka sahib, he makes *gauche faux pas*;
In *concours d'élégance*, he'd be *hors de combat*.
Among the *élite* he is always *de trop*,
He's *persona non grata*, he's not *comme il faut*.
Some think him O.K.—*chacun à son goût*
But *mutatis mutandis*, he just a babu.

J. C. B. Date

"*Entre nous*," remarked the diplomat *sotto voce* to his pater
As they drained a glass *sub rosa* to their common alma mater,
"My *summum bonum* is *aurea mediocritas*."
(For his *amour propre* told him that *in vino veritas*)
"It's a policy of *laisser faire* maintains the *status quo*,
And to recognize *de jure* means much less than *de facto*.
Ah! *dolce far niente*! To the man of *savoir faire*
It's better far than *cris de coeur*, and tearing of the hair;
For whatever our *noblesse oblige*, there's still the *hoi polloi*,
So *carpe diem* while you can and fill your glass old boy!"

R. Hemington

A *pied-à-terre* in a *cul-de-sac* was the *gîte* of a *petit-maître*
Whose *objets d'art* and *bric-à-brac* were his only *raison-d'être*;
His *vis-à-vis* was a *chic attaché* (a typical young "*homme moyen Sensuel*," with a certain *cachet*, but not in the *vogue* for *doyen*),
Whose *cliché's* on *Weltpolitik* to his grandmama annoyed her
And (*sus Minervam*) gave her a "*tic*" and his *vis-à-vis schadenfreude*,
—For *he* lived *au pair* with a *passée* aunt, with whom he'd many a tiff—
But it ended up in complete *détente* with, as "*pièce justicative*,"
An *aide-mèmoire* from the diplomat, which declared, quite *apropos*,
That all relations *per se* (*verb. sap.*) are *ipso facto de trop*.

L. E. J.

The Pukha Sahib's chota peg and tiffin,
The *preux chevaliers' à la carte* and wine,
All the *beau monde*, were nothing to me if in
My maisonette (sic) *tête-à-tête* you'd dine.
Alas, "*Per ardua . . .*" I reach my heaven,
To rent a house *per annum* vainly tried,
For *tempora mutantur* (vide Bevan)
My *sine qua non* thus has been denied.
My *fait accompli* had the *coup de grâce*.
Is there (D.V.) an exit from the *impasse*?

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OVERLOOKING sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 9614.

GREEK Rest., White Tower, 1 Percy St. W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service. A vacancy exists in Trinidad for an Economic Adviser. Candidates should possess a 1st or 2nd class Hons. degree in Economics and considerable post-graduate exp. of committee work. Post is on agreement for two or three years in first instance, with prospect of becoming pensionable thereafter. Salary scale $6,480-$7,200 p.a. (£1,350-£1,500), point of entry according to qualifics. and exp. Temporary cost of living allowance of £120 p.a. Free passages for officer, wife and children on appointment and on termination. Apply, giving age and exp., to Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), 15, Victoria St. S.W.1.

CIVIL Service Commissioners invite applics. from suitably qualified men and women at least 30 yrs. of age on May 1, 1948, for 1 or 2 appointments as Economic Adviser in the Economic Section of the Cabinet Secretariat. Posts will be in London and appointment will be on the basis of a 5-year contract, with superannuation provision under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Starting sal. fixed according to qualifics. and exp. but will be not less than £900 nor more than £1,320 incl. (men) and there will be annual increases of £30, £95 or £50, giving a max. after 5 years ranging from £1,020 to £1,520 (men). Candidates must have at least a Second Class Hons. degree in economics or equivalent qualific. Commissioners will select those candidates who appear to be most suitable and will summon them for interview in London. Candidates should write for applic. form to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gdns. W.1, quoting No. 2171. Completed form to be returned by June 30.

THE Council of Industrial Design require an Industrial Officer to facilitate the submission by industry of new designs for exhibition in the Festival of Britain, 1951. A science degree and an interest in the visual arts are necessary, together with exp. in a responsible position. Starting salary £1,000-£1,200, according to qualifics. Post is temporary, with a possibility of transfer to a permanent post. Write partics. of age, educ., qualifics. and posts held, with dates, to Estab. Officer, Council of Industrial Design, Tilbury House, Petty France, S.W.1.

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applics. invited for Chair of History and Political Science. Sal. £1,225 p.a. (New Zealand currency). Allowance for travelling expenses for appointee and wife. Further partics. and information as to the method of applic. from Secretary, Universities Bureau of British Empire, 8 Park St. W.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. Aug. 14, in New Zealand, and July 20 in this country.

UNIVERSITY of London, School of Slavonic and East European Studies, W.C.1. Council invites applics. for (a) a Lectureship (starting sal. £500) in Modern Russian History, and (b) a Lectureship (starting sal. £500) in Russian Economic History, to commence Oct. 1, 1948, or as soon thereafter as possible. Applics. to be sent to Secretary of School by July 1.

UNIV. College of Swansea. The Council of the College invites applics. for follg. posts: (i) Either an Assistant Lectureship in Economics (comm. salary £450 p.a.) or a Lectureship in Economics (sal. on scale £500 to £750 p.a. according to qualifics. and exp.). An essential part of the duties of the post will be to teach statistics both at an elementary and an advanced level. (ii) An Assistant Lectureship in Economics. Comm. salary £450. Further partics. may be obtained from Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applics. must be received without delay.

UNIVERSITY College, Nottingham. Dept. of Economics and Social Studies. Applics. invited for follg. appointments: (a) Assistant Lecturer in Economics; (b) Assistant Lecturer in Economics and Social Statistics. Salary scale £400-£450 p.a. Initial salary according to qualifics. and exp. Applic. should be made as soon as possible. Conditions of appointment and form of application may be obtained from H. Pickbourne, Registrar.

COUNTY Borough of Brighton. Art Gallery and Museum. Applics. invited for post of Art Assistant (male) in Grade V (£320-£370 p.a.) of A.P.T. Division of National Scheme of Conditions of Service for Local Government Officers. Applicants should possess a University Degree or its equivalent and have exp. of art gallery and exhibition work. Knowl. of art history an advantage. Appointment subject to provisions contained in above Conditions of Service and Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Successful candidate will be reqd. to pass medical exam. Further partics. of appointment and form of applic. sent on applic. to Director, Art Gallery and Museum, Church St. Brighton, 1. Completed forms to be received by July 10. Canvassing directly or indirectly will disqualify.

EAST Suffolk County Council. Borough of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applics. invited from men and women for post of Club Leader to the North Lowestoft Youth Club. This Club, of 130 members, has its own adequate premises and garden. The present leader, resigning in autumn, occupies flat in adjacent building. Applicants must be trained and/or exp. in Club Leadership. Sal. with additions for special qualifics., is £320, by £10 to £350 for women and £330 by £15 to £405 for men. This scale is under review. Further partics. and applic. forms from Borough Education Officer, 49 High St. Lowestoft, to be returned by July 3.

Appointments Vacant—continued

THE B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Assistant to Secretary to School Broadcasting Council for Scotland and Head of Scottish School Broadcasting based in Edinburgh. Duties will involve the direction and supervision of professional staff responsible for the preparation and production of School Broadcasts and for work at the listening-end. Prof. exp. of education in Scotland is essential; knowledge of broadcasting desirable. Pending the settlement of the Corporation's post-war establishment now proceeding, the post will be non-established on a consolidated sal. scale rising by annual increments of £50 to a max. of £1,100 p.a. Applic. must be made on the prescribed form which can, together with further details of post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting Hse. W.1. For reply please enclose s.a.e. The closing date for the receipt of the completed applic. forms is July 10. Envs. should be marked "Education Edinburgh N. Stm."

LONDON School of Econs. and Political Science (Univ. of London). Applics. invited for a Lectureship in Public Administration. Sal. scale £500 p.a., rising to £850, with superann. benefits and family allowances. The Lecturer will be reqd. to conduct teaching in Public Administration for degrees, principally the B.Sc. (Econ.), and diplomas and to undertake and supervise research in his field. Applics., with names of 3 refs., should be forwarded by July 1, to Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St. Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further information can be obtained.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (Univ. of London). Applics. invited from men and women candidates for appointment to an Assistant Lectureship in Social Science. Salary £400 p.a., rising to £500. Applics., which should be accompanied by names of three refs., should be forwarded by June 25 to Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St. Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further information may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College, Nottingham. Assistant Lecturer in Classics. Council invites applics. for the appointment of Assistant Lecturer in Classics. Sal. scale £400-£450 p.a. Initial sal. according to qualifics. and exp. Candidates should have high academic qualifics., and preferably at least 2 yrs' exp. of post-graduate study and research. Conditions of the appt. and form of applic. from Registrar.

UNIV. of Leeds. Department of Spanish Language and Literature. Applics. invited for two Assistant Lectureships in Dept. of Spanish at an initial salary in each case of £400-£450 (accdg. to qualifics.). Pref. given to candidates with special qualifics. either in Mediæval or Golden Age literature or in Spanish-American studies. Further partics. obtainable from Registrar, University, Leeds, 2, by whom all applics. should be received by June 28, 1948.

NORFOLK Education Cttee. Child Guidance Service. Applics. invited for appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Sal. £370 p.a., rising to £530 p.a. by annual increments of £20. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or equivalent qualific. Previous exp. will be taken into account in determining the commencing sal. Successful candidate will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. and to contribute in accordance with the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Further details and forms of applic. from W. O. Bell, Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Stracey Rd. Norwich. Envelopes should be endorsed "Psychiatric Social Worker."

HANTS C.C. The County Council invite applics. for joint appointment of Foster Parents at Abbey Wells Boys' home, Woolton Hill, near Newbury. The Home accommodates 30 boys aged 8 to 15 of whom the majority are 11 and under. Persons appointed, who must have had previous comparable exp., will be responsible for the day to day management of the Home and staff. They should be fond of boys and be prepared to provide a home atmosphere, good training, interesting recreation and wise discipline. The sals. are as follows: Foster Father, £307 13s. per annum; Foster Mother, £246 7s. 6d. p.a. (less a deduction in each case of £59 19s. p.a. for board, lodging, etc.). Posts are superannuable and subject to passing a medical exam. Applic. forms and further partics. of appointment from Children's Officer, 2 Clifton Terrace, Winchester, to whom they should be returned completed by June 30.

MARYPORT Educational Settlement. Applics. invited for post of Warden of the Maryport Educational Settlement. Candidates must have good educational background, pref. a graduate. Person appointed will be reqd. to devote his whole time to the work; duties include organising educational and social activities; ability to teach or lecture desirable. Sal. £320 p.a. plus use of furnished flat during the appointment, lighting and heating (estimated at £125 p.a.). Applics., giving full details with copies of 3 recent testimonials, to be sent to Chairman, T. H. Stokoe, 5 Park Terrace, Maryport, by June 30.

KENT Educ. Cttee. Resident Deputy Matron reqd. for a small Home for 17 children between ages of 5/10 years, at Riverhead, near Sevenoaks, to assist the Matron in care of the children, and to deputise for her when necessary. Salary, £240 rising by annual increments of £12 to a max. of £280 p.a., less a deduction of £78 p.a. in respect of full residential emoluments. Appointment subject to provisions of Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937; medical exam. necessary. Forms of applic., to be returned by July 10, from the County Education Officer, Springfield, Maidstone, Kent.

PARTNER required in small Hotel, run exclusively for children. Box 3158.

Appointments Vacant—continued

B.B.C. invites applics. for posts of Dictation Typist in the Italian Section, Overseas Services. Candidates must have perfect knowl. of Italian as work consists mainly of taking dictation in Italian straight on to typewriter. A good microphone voice is also essential as candidates must have the ability to act (after training) as commère in Italian broadcasts. Applics. must be prepared for shift and week-end duties. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting Hse. W.1, marked "Dictation Typists, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowl. enclose s.a.e.

ELLERSLIE Hall Approved School, Leeds, 1. Housemistress to act as Deputy in the absence of the Headmistress (responsibility allowance £40 p.a.); also Housemistress. Applicants must be interested in Social Work and in delinquent adolescent girls (ages 15 to 19) of high intelligence. Housemistresses are responsible for the supervision of domestic work, character training, organisation of out-of-school activities and recreation, and their duties would entail some after-care work. Handwork or music an advantage. Sal. according to age or qualifics. in accordance with the Home Office Scale. Min. (A) Those with recognised qualifics., £290 p.a., rising by annual increments, of £15 (according to age) to £460, less £78 board-residence. Min. (B) If not holding qualifics., £290 p.a., rising by annual increments to £325, less £78 board-residence. Write Headmistress, 3 Cavendish Rd. Leeds, 1.

NORFOLK Educ. Cttee. Norfolk Rural Music School. Applics. invited from suitably qualified men or women for teaching appointments on the staff of the above School. The teaching work of the School is financed by the Norfolk Educ. Cttee. to whose staff the appointments are made. The School provides a teaching service throughout the county and in addition to the Burnham Scale of sals. teachers receive travelling and subsistence allowances on County Council's Scale. Present vacancies are for string specialists and for competent wind instrumentalists (in this connection the diploma in bandmastership will be a relevant qualific.). Forms of applic. and further partics. from Chief Educ. Officer, County Education Office, Stracey Rd. Norwich, on receipt of a s.a.e. Applics. should be made by June 30, 1948, and all envelopes marked "Rural Music School."

SUMMERHILL School needs two Teachers for Sept., one Hist. and Eng., one Maths and Physics. Pioneer school pay with full board & laundry. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts., needs staff-teacher 7-8 group and matron. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

THE Workers' Educational Assoc. (Sn. District) is appointing a full-time District Organiser. Apply for partics. before June 28 to W.E.A., 1 Cranbury Terrace, Southampton.

EXPD. Teachers for typewriting reqd. by Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St. Oxford St. W.1.

LADY Secretary, well educated, reqd. for West-End Secretarial College, and for the Employment Department. Experience essential. Full details to Box 4322.

EXPD. Woman Clerk (over 21 yrs.) reqd. June 28 by Middx. C.C. for Medical Director's office at N. Middlesex County Hospital, Edmonton, N.18. Good shorthand-typist; knowl. of hospital work and medical terminology an adv. Sal. £240-£314 p.a. accg. to age. Applic., stating age, quals., exp., to Medical Director of Hospital (quote E.449 NS.).

REQD. for established social organisation, bookkeeper able to take to Trial Balance, knowledge of shtd./typing an asset. Small staff, interesting, progressive work. State age, sal. and when free. Box 4311.

MARIONETTES. Young man reqd. manipulate. Must have gd. speaking voice, interest dramatics, willing to travel. Write immediately, 7 Victoria Terrace, Walsall 3972.

CAVENDISH Secretarial Service, 28 Gt. Portland St. W.1. All office staff supplied and wanted. Also copying of professional, literary, foreign and business papers. Duplicating. High standard. MAYfair 2772.

Appointments Wanted

EX-R.A.F. aircrew, Univ. education, widely travelled, v. good linguist, writing abilities, seeks post with paper or periodical with view to training. Salary of secondary importance. Write Box 3622.

YNG. woman, well educated, worked Internat. Trials, Case Analyst (political research), languages, some editorial exp., good refs., good appearance, seeks position of responsibility, where initiative can be used. Box 3130.

PORTUGUESE, speaking, besides his own language, English, French, Spanish and German, seeks position as interpreter in Travel Agency, Hotel, etc., or as Commercial Traveller. Please write Box 3101.

CAMBRIDGE M.A., First-class Hons. (29), with professional secretarial qualifics., reqs. post as Secretary to Academic Educational or Professional Organisation. Has served as secretary to official economic and technical committee and in Secretary's department of Public Corporation. Considerable exp. committee work, organisation of research, preparation of reports, editing, journals, public spkg. Box 3098.

YOUNG French Teacher, well-educ., R.C., desirous improving her English, sks. suitable temp. post in England, Sept. Box 3176.

OXFORD undergraduate, 24, finals P.P.E. December, 1948, ex-Major, M.C. mention, seeks tutorial or similar work July & September. Box 3153.

YOUNG woman with writing ability and experience as an editor seeks journalistic or editorial post. Box 3257.

YOUNG lady, completed art training, seeks post as Art Teacher to children. Box 3194.

Schools

ENGLISH School in Alps, children 4-14: Javelle, Salvan, Switzerland.

FOR training in personal responsibility and world citizenship, Laggan School accepts boys and girls from 5 to 18. Glorious West Coast cntry. Individual attention. Write Secy., Laggan, Baliantrae, Ayrshire, Scotland.

FORMOSA School, Epping House, Nr. Hertford, boys and girls over 7, boarding and day. Quaker ideas; trained staff. Bedales and County Scholarships won 1947. (Mrs.) Lucia Beamish, B.A Hons., A.R.C.M. Essendon 241.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. A group of 100 children and 40 adults, creatively concerned with educ., agriculture, the arts. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness, R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

MALTMAN'S Green, Gerrard's Cross, 9 to 19. Founder: Miss B. Chambers, M.A., Head Mistress, Miss Theo. M. Lowe, M.A. Aim: to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative.

NAEMOOR School, Rumbling Bridge, Perthshire, Edinburgh 40 miles. A modern co-ed. school, founded by parents and educationists. Friendly environment. Well-equipped classrooms. Principals: John L. Grieve, B.Sc., Janet Grieve, M.A., B.Ed.

PROGRESSIVE School for children up to 14 yrs. Balanced diet. Art Cizek methods. Prospectus. Tony Warner, Oakley Wood School, Sherwood, Newton St. Cyres, Devon.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlkg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. MARY'S Town and Country School. Day School, 38 Eton Ave. Hampst. Boarders: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Exchange poss. Own swimming, boating. Prog. Co-ed., 5-18, Henry & Eliz. Paul, Ph.D.

S. DEVON Coast. Home School Dept. Merriville, Bigbury-on-Sea. Individual private tuition by Hons. Graduate for few residents needing special care or coaching. Prospectus.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. 100 boys and girls 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome vigorous community life; training in disciplined co-operation, and practical social responsibility. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Apply Miss Lee, M.A.

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DOUBLE Room available in quiet comf. house. 48s. 6d. per person incl. bkfast. Mrs. F. Boor, 14 Howitt Rd., opp. Belsize Pk. Stn. PRI. 0776.

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AN inexpensive pied-à-terre near Harrods. Furn. single service flatlets with baths, breakfast, cent. htg., gas fires, h. & c., etc. McFie, 8, Beaufort Gdns., Knightsbridge, S.W.3. KEN. 4367.

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SUNNY rooms, 2½ to 3½ or 5gns.; double, spring mattresses, gas fires and rings, constant h.w. 5 minutes Gloucester Road or S. Kensington Underground. Box 3197.

BED sitting-room in well-situated Chelsea flat, 50s., including service, breakfast, light, heating, baths. Reduction if away all week-ends. Box 3213.

TO Let. Fully furnished flat, Kensington, 2 large rms., kitchen, etc., use of garden. July 12-Sept. 6. 4gns. p.w., cutlery, fuel. Box 3229.

WELL furn. bed sitting-room with full board. For business lady or gentleman. Good refs. essential. Tel. Barnet 2556.

BUSINESS woman, fifties, offers share house/garden, responsibilities, nr. Sutton, to another reader "N.S. & N." Full partics., please. Box 3421.

S. COAST house to let fully furnished. July-Aug. All elec. Garage. 10gns. p.w. Box 4084.

DARTMOOR. Well-furnished house to let (any period, long preferred), private trout fishing, productive garden; manservant available. BM/GZCJ, London, W.C.1.

JULY-Sept. or shorter period. Univ. Lecturer willing exchange furnished house, Lon, N.W.2 (2 bed, 2 rec., dom. help available) for suitable accom. seaside or hills. Refs. essential. Box 3263.

EXCHANGE wanted: Furnished house, Croydon, for accom. country or coast, summer vacation period. Box 3080.

YOUNG man—student living in London, seeks room with private family; pref. young people; S.W. London. Box 3250.

YOUNG architect and wife urg. req. 2-3 rmd. flat, London, no premium. Box 3209.

EX-SERVICE student couple need furn./unfurn. s.c. flat/rooms. London area. Box 3280.

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